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THE
WORKS
OF
THOMAS MOORE.

PARIS : PRINTED BY A. BELIN.

Wm. G. L.

THE

WORKS

OF

THOMAS MOORE,

COMPREHENDING

ALL HIS MELODIES, BALLADS, ETC.

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED WITHOUT THE ACCOMPANYING MUSIC.

VOL. VI.



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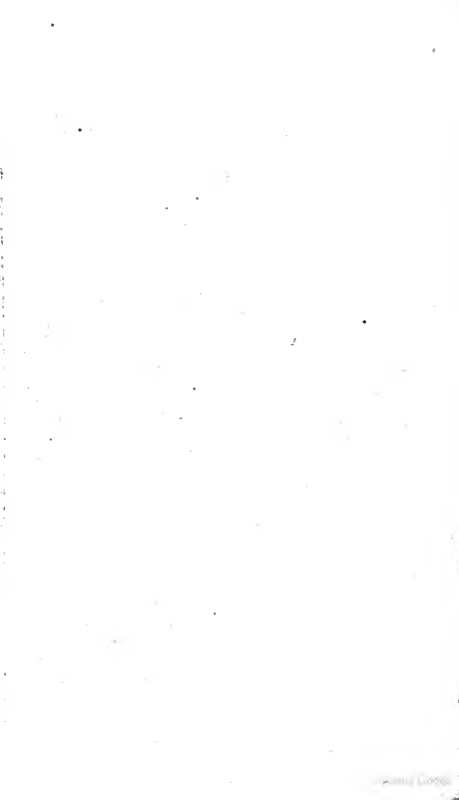
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CORRUPTION
AND
INTOLERANCE,
TWO POEMS.

VOL. VI.

1



PREFACE.

THE practice which has lately been introduced into literature, of writing very long notes upon very indifferent verses, appears to me rather a happy invention ; for it supplies us with a mode of turning stupid poetry to account ; and as horses too dull for the saddle may serve well enough to draw lumber, so Poems of this kind make excellent beasts of burden, and will bear notes, though they may not bear reading. Besides, the comments in such cases are so little under the necessity of paying any servile deference to the text, that they may even adopt that Socratic dogma, "*Quod supra nos nihil ad nos.*"

In the first of the following Poems, I have ventured to speak of the Revolution in language which has sometimes been employed by Tory writers, and which is therefore neither very new nor popular. But however an Englishman may

be reproached with ingratitude, for depreciating the merits and results of a measure, which he is taught to regard as the source of his liberties—however ungrateful it might be in Alderman B-rch to question for a moment the purity of that glorious era, to which he is indebted for the seasoning of so many orations—yet an Irishman, who has none of these obligations to acknowledge, to whose country the Revolution brought nothing but injury and insult, and who recollects that the book of Molyneux was burned, by order of William's Whig Parliament, for daring to extend to unfortunate Ireland those principles on which the Revolution was professedly founded—an Irishman *may* venture to criticise the measures of that period, without exposing himself either to the imputation of ingratitude, or the suspicion of being influenced by any Popish remains of Jacobitism. No nation, it is true, was ever blessed with a more golden opportunity of establishing and securing its liberties for ever than the conjuncture of Eighty-eight presented to the people of Great Britain. But the disgraceful reigns of Charles and James had weakened and degraded

the national character. The bold notions of popular right, which had arisen out of the struggles between Charles the First and his Parliament, were gradually supplanted by those slavish doctrines for which Lord H-kesb-ry eulogises the churchmen of that period; and as the Reformation had happened too soon for the purity of religion, so the Revolution came too late for the spirit of liberty. Its advantages accordingly were for the most part specious and transitory, while the evils which it entailed are still felt and still increasing. By rendering unnecessary the frequent exercise of Prerogative, that unwieldy power which cannot move a step without alarm, it limited the only interference of the Crown, which is singly and independently exposed before the people, and whose abuses are therefore obvious to their senses and capacities: like the myrtle over a certain statue in Minerva's temple at Athens, it skilfully veiled from their sight the only obtrusive feature of royalty. At the same time, however, that the Revolution abridged this unpopular attribute, it amply compensated by the substitution of a new power, as much more potent in its effect as it is

more secret in its operations. In the disposal of an immense revenue and the extensive patronage annexed to it, the first foundations of this power of the Crown were laid; the innovation of a standing army at once increased and strengthened it, and the few slight barriers which the Act of Settlement opposed to its progress, have all been gradually removed during the Whiggish reigns that succeeded, till at length this spirit of influence is become the vital principle of the State, whose agency, subtle and unseen, pervades every part of the Constitution, lurks under all its forms and regulates all its movements, and, like the invisible sylph or grace which presides over the motions of beauty,

*“ Illam, quicquid agit, quoquo vestigia flectit,
Componit furtim subsequiturque.”*

The cause of Liberty and the Revolution are so habitually associated by Englishmen, that probably in objecting to the latter I may be thought hostile or indifferent to the former; but nothing can be more unjust than such a suspicion;—the very object which my humble animadversions would attain is, that in the crisis to which I think England is

hastening, and between which and foreign subjugation she may soon be compelled to choose, the errors and omissions of 1688 may be remedied, and that, as she then had a Revolution without a Reform, she may now seek a Reform without a Revolution.

In speaking of the parties which have so long agitated England, it will be observed that I lean as little to the Whigs as to their adversaries. Both factions have been equally cruel to Ireland, and perhaps equally insincere in their efforts for the liberties of England. There is one name, indeed, connected with Whiggism, of which I can never think but with veneration and tenderness. As justly, however, might the light of the sun be claimed by any particular nation, as the sanction of that name be assumed by any party whatever; Mr. Fox belonged to mankind, and they have lost in him their ablest friend.

With respect to the few lines upon Intolerance, which I have subjoined, they are but the imperfect beginning of a long series of Essays, with which I here menace my readers, upon the same important subject. I shall look to no higher merit in the

task, than that of giving a new form to claims and remonstrances, which have often been much more eloquently urged, and which would long ere now have produced their effect, but that the minds of some men, like the pupil of the eye, contract themselves the more, the stronger light there is shed upon them.

CORRUPTION.

Νυν δ' ἀπαιδ' ὥσπερ ἐξ αγοράς ἐκκίπρᾳται ταῦτα· ἀντι-
σέεται δὲ αὐτὶ τῆτων, ὑφ' ὧν ἀπολαλεῖ καὶ νεύσῃκειν ἡ
Ἑλλας. Ταῦτα δ' ἐστὶ τι; ζῆλος, εἰ τις εἰληφὲ τι
γέλως ἀν' ὁμολογῇ· συγγραμῇ τοῖς ἐλεγχόμενοις· μίσος,
ἀν' τούτοις τις ἐπιτίμα· τὰλλα πάντα, ὅσα ἐκ τῆ δαρε-
δοκίᾳ ἡρτῆται.

DEMOSTH. Philipp. III.



CORRUPTION,

AN EPISTLE.

BOAST on, my friend—though stript of all beside,
Thy struggling nation still retains her pride: *
That pride, which once in genuine glory woke
When Marlborough fought, and brilliant St. John
spoke;
That pride which still, by time and shame unstung,
Outlives e'en Wh-tel-cke's sword and H-wk-sb'ry's
tongue!
Boast on, my friend, while in this humbled isle, †
Where honour mourns and freedom fears to smile,

* Angli suos ac sua omnia impense mirantur; ceteras nationes despectui habent.—BARCLAY (as quoted in one of Dryden's prefaces).

† England began very early to feel the effects of cruelty towards her dependencies. "The severity of her Government (says Macpherson) contributed more to deprive her of the continental dominions of the family of Plantagenet than the arms of France."—See his History, vol. i. page 111.

Where the bright light of England's fame is known
 But by the baleful shadow she has thrown
 On all our fate *—where, doom'd to wrongs and
 slights,
 We hear you talk of Britain's glorious rights,

* "By the total reduction of the kingdom of Ireland in 1691 (says Burke), the ruin of the native Irish, and in a great measure too of the first races of the English, was completely accomplished. The new English interest was settled with as solid a stability as any thing in human affairs can look for. All the penal laws of that unparalleled code of oppression, which were made after the last event, were manifestly the effects of national hatred and scorn towards a conquered people, whom the victors delighted to trample upon, and were not at all afraid to provoke." Yet this is the era to which the wise Common Council of Dublin refer us for "invaluable blessings," etc. And this is the era which such Governors as His Grace the Duke of Richmond think it politic to commemorate, in the eyes of my insulted countrymen, by an annual procession round the statue of King William!

An unvarying trait of the policy of Great Britain towards Ireland has been her selection of such men to govern us as were least likely to deviate into justice and liberality, and the alarm which she has taken when any conscientious Viceroy has shown symptoms of departure from the old code of prejudice and oppression. Our most favourite Governors have accordingly been our shortest visitors, and the first moments of their popularity have in general been the last of their Government. Thus Sir Anthony Bellingham, after the death of Henry the Eighth, was recalled "for not sufficiently consulting the English interests," or, in other words, for not shooting the requisite quantity of wild Irish. The same kind

As weeping slaves, that under hatches lie,
 Hear those on deck extol the sun and sky !
 Boast on, while wandering through my native
 haunts,
 I coldly listen to thy patriot vaunts,
 And feel, though close our wedded countries twine,
 More sorrow for my own than pride from thine.

Yet pause a moment—and if truths severe
 Can find an inlet to that courtly ear
 Which loves no politics in rhyme but P-e's,
 And hears no news but W-rd's gazetted lies ;
 If aught can please thee but the good old saws
 Of " Church and State," and " William's match-
 less laws,"

And " Acts and Rights of glorious Eighty-eight,"—
 Things, which though now a century out of date;

of delinquency led to the recal of Sir John Perrot, in Elizabeth's time, and to that of the Earl of Radnor, in the reign of Charles the Second, of whom Lord Orford says, " We are not told how he disappointed the King's expectations, probably not by too great complaisance, nor why his administration, which Burnet calls *just*, was disliked. If it is true that he was a good governor, the presumption will be that his rule was not disliked by those *to* whom but *from* whom he was sent."—*Royal and Noble Authors*.

We are not without instances of the same illiberal policy in our own times.

Still serve to ballast, with convenient words,
 A few crank arguments for speeching Lords—*
 Turn, while I tell how England's freedom found,
 Where most she looked for life, her deadliest
 wound ;

How brave she struggled, while her foe was seen,
 How faint since Influence lent that foe a screen ;

* It never seems to occur to those orators and addressers who round off so many sentences and paragraphs with the Bill of Rights, the Act of Settlement, etc. that all the provisions which these Acts contained for the preservation of parliamentary independence have been long laid aside as romantic and troublesome. The Revolution, as its greatest admirers acknowledge, was little more than a recognition of ancient privileges, a restoration of that old Gothic structure which was brought from the woods of Germany into England. Edward the First had long before made a similar recognition, and had even more expressly reverted to the first principles of the constitution, by declaring that "the people should have their laws, liberties, and free customs, as largely and wholly as they have used to have the same at any time they had them." But, luckily for the Crown and its interests, the concessions both of Edward and of William have been equally vague and verbal, equally theoretical and insincere. The feudal system was continued, notwithstanding the former, and Lord M——'s honest head is upon his shoulders, in spite of the latter. So that I confess I never meet with a politician who seriously quotes the Declaration of Rights, etc. to prove the actual existence of English liberty, that I do not think of the Marquis, whom Montesquieu mentions, † who set about looking for mines in the Pyrenees, upon the strength of autho-

† Liv. xxi. chap. 11.

How strong o'er James and Popery she prevail'd,
How weakly fell, when Whigs and gold assail'd.*

rities which he had read in some ancient authors. The poor Marquis toiled and searched in vain. He quoted his authorities to the last, but he found no mines after all.

* The chief, perhaps the only advantage which has resulted from the system of influence, is the tranquil, uninterrupted flow which it has given to the administration of Government. If Kings *must* be paramount in the State (and their Ministers at least seem to think so), the country is indebted to the Revolution for enabling them to become so quietly, and for removing so skilfully the danger of those shocks and collisions which the alarming efforts of prerogative never failed to produce.

It is the nature of a people in general to attend but to the externals of Government. Having neither leisure nor ability to discuss its measures, they look no deeper than the surface for their utility, and no farther than the present for their consequences. Mrs. Macaulay has said of a certain period, "The people at this time were, as the people of Great Britain always are, half-stupid, half-drunk, and half-asleep;" and however we may dissent from this petulant effusion of a Scotch-woman, it must be owned that the reasoning powers of John Bull are not very easily called into action, and that even where he does condescend to exert them, it is like Dogberry's display of his reading and writing, "where there is no need of such vanity;" as upon that deep question about the dangers of the church, which was submitted for his discussion by Mr. P-rc-v-l at the late elections. It follows, however, from this apathy of the people, that as long as no glaring exertion of power, no open violation of forms is obtruded upon them, it is of very little consequence how matters are managed behind the curtain; and a few quiet men, getting close to the ear of the Throne, may whisper away the salvation of the country so inaudibly, that ruin will be divested of half its alarming preparatives. If, in addition to this slum-

While Kings were poor, and all those schemes
unknown

Which drain the People, but enrich the Throne ;
Ere yet a yielding Commons had supplied

Those chains of gold by which themselves are tied ;
Then proud Prerogative, untaught to creep
With Bribery's silent foot on Freedom's sleep,*

ber of the people, a great majority of those whom they have deputed to watch for them, can be induced, by any irresistible argument, to prefer the safety of the government to the integrity of the constitution, and to think a connivance at the encroachments of power less troublesome than the difficulties which would follow reform, I cannot imagine a more tranquil state of affairs than must necessarily result from such general and well-regulated acquiescence. Instead of vain and agitating efforts to establish that speculative balance of the constitution, which perhaps has never existed but in the pages of Montesquieu¹ and de Lolme, a preponderance would be silently yielded to one of the three estates, which would carry the other two almost insensibly, but effectually, along with it; and even though the path might lead eventually to destruction, yet its specious and gilded smoothness would almost atone for the danger—like Milton's bridge over Chaos, it would lead

“Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to ****.”

* Though the kings of England were most unroyally harassed and fettered in all their pursuits by pecuniary difficul-

¹ Montesquieu seems not a little satisfied with his own ingenuity in finding out the character of the English from the nature of their political institutions; but it appears to me somewhat like that easy sagacity by which Lavater has discovered the genius of Shakespeare in his features.

Frankly avow'd his bold enslaving plan,
 And claim'd a right from God to trample man !
 But Luther's light had too much warm'd man-
 kind
 For Hampden's truths to linger long behind ;

ties, before the provident enactments of William's reign had opened to the Crown its present sources of wealth, yet we must not attribute to the Revolutionary Whigs the credit altogether of inventing this art of government. Its advantages had long been understood by ministers and favourites, though the limits of the royal revenue prevented them from exercising it with effect. In the reign of Mary, indeed, the gold of Spain, being added to the usual resources of the Throne, produced such a spirit of ductility in her parliaments, that the price for which each member had sold himself was publicly ascertained : and if Charles the First could have commanded a similar supply, it is not too much to suppose that the Commonwealth never would have existed. But it was during the reign of the second Charles, that the nearest approaches were made to that pecuniary system which our debt, our funds, and our taxes, have since brought to such perfection ; and Clifford and Danby would not disgrace even the present times of political venality. Still, however, the experiment was but partial and imperfect,¹ and attended with scarcely any other advantage than that of suggesting the uses to which the power of the purse has been since converted, just as the fulminating dust of the chemists may have prepared the way for the invention of gunpowder.

¹ See Preface to a collection of Debates, etc. in 1694 and 1695, for an account of the public tables kept at Westminster, in Charles the Second's time, "to feed the betrayers of their country." The payment of each day's work was left under their respective plates.

Nor then, when king-like Popes had fallen so low,
Could pope-like Kings* escape the levelling blow.
That ponderous sceptre (in whose place we bow
To the light talisman of influence now),
Too gross, too visible to work the spell
Which Modern Power performs, in fragments fell :
In fragments lay, till, patch'd and painted o'er
With fleurs-de-lys, it shone and scourged once
more!

'Twas then, my friend, thy kneeling nation quaff'd
Long, long and deep, the churchman's opiate
draught

Of tame obedience—till her sense of right
And pulse of glory seem'd extinguish'd quite,
And Britons slept so sluggish in their chain,
That wakening Freedom call'd almost in vain!
Oh England! England! what a chance was thine,
When the last tyrant of that ill-starr'd line
Fled from his sullied crown, and left thee free
To found thy own eternal liberty!

* The drivelling correspondence between James I. and his
“dog Steenie” (the Duke of Buckingham), which we find
among the Hardwicke Papers, sufficiently shows, if we wanted
such illustration, into what dotting, idiotic brains the plan of
arbitrary power may enter.

How bright, how glorious in that sun-shine hour,
Might patriot hands have raised the triple tower*
Of British freedom on a rock divine,
Which neither force could storm nor treachery
mine!

But no—the luminous, the lofty plan,
Like mighty Babel, seem'd too bold for man;
The curse of jarring tongues again was given
To thwart a work which raised men near to
Heaven!

* Tacitus has expressed his opinion, in a passage very frequently quoted, that such a distribution of power as the theory of the British constitution exhibits is merely a subject of bright speculation, “a system more easily praised than practised, and which, even could it happen to exist, would certainly not prove permanent;” and, in truth, if we reflect on the English history, we shall feel very much inclined to agree with Tacitus. We shall find that at no period whatever has this balance of the three estates existed; that the nobles predominated till the policy of Henry VII. and his successor, reduced their weight by breaking up the feudal system of property; that the power of the Crown became then supreme and absolute, till the bold encroachments of the Commons subverted the fabric altogether; that the alternate ascendancy of prerogative and privilege distracted the period which followed the Restoration; and that, lastly, the Acts of 1688, by laying the foundation of an unbounded court-influence, have secured a preponderance to the Throne which every succeeding year increases. So that the British constitution has never perhaps existed but in theory.

While Tories marr'd what Whigs had scarce begun,*
 While Whigs undid what Whigs themselves had
 done,†.

* "Those two thieves (says Ralph) between whom the nation was crucified."—*Use and Abuse of Parliaments*, page 164.

† The monarchs of Great Britain can never be sufficiently grateful for that generous spirit which led the Revolutionary Whigs to give away the crown, without imposing any of those restraints or stipulations which other men might have taken advantage of such a moment to enforce, and in framing of which they had so good a model to follow as the limitations proposed by the Lords Essex and Halifax, in the debate upon the Exclusion Bill. They not only condescended, however, to accept of places, but they took care that these dignities should be no impediment to their "voice potential" in affairs of legislation; and though an Act was after many years suffered to pass, which by one of its articles disqualified placemen from serving as members of the House of Commons, yet it was not allowed to interfere with the influence of the reigning monarch, nor indeed with that of his successor Anne, as the purifying clause was not to take effect till after the decease of the latter sovereign, and she very considerably repealed it altogether. So that, as representation has continued ever since, if the King were simple enough to send to foreign courts ambassadors who were most of them in the pay of those courts, he would be just as faithfully represented as his people. It would be endless to enumerate all the favours which were conferred upon William by those "apostate Whigs." They complimented him with the first suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act which had been hazarded since the confirmation of that privilege; and this example of our Deliverer's reign has not been lost upon any of his successors. They promoted the establishment of a standing army, and circulated in its defence the celebrated

The time was lost, and William, with a smile,
 Saw Freedom weeping o'er the unfinish'd pile !
 Hence all the ills you suffer, hence remain
 Such galling fragments of that feudal chain,*

"Balancing Letter,"[†] in which it is insinuated that England, even then, in her boasted hour of regeneration, was arrived at such a pitch of faction and corruption, that nothing could keep her in order but a Whig ministry and a standing army. They refused, as long as they could, to shorten the duration of Parliaments; and, though the declaration of rights acknowledged the necessity of such a reform, they were able, by arts not unknown to modern ministers, to brand those as traitors and republicans who urged it.[‡] But the grand and distinguishing trait of their measures was the power which they gave to the Crown of annihilating the freedom of elections, of muddying for ever that stream of representation, which had, even in the most agitated times, reflected some features of the people, but which then, for the first time, became the Pactolus of the court, and grew so darkened with sands of gold, that it served for the people's mirror no longer. We need but consult the writings of that time, to understand the astonishment then excited by measures, which the practice of a century has rendered not only familiar but necessary. See a pamphlet called "*The Danger of mercenary Parliaments*," 1698; *State Tracts*, Will. III. vol. ii. p. 638; and see also "*Some Paradoxes presented as a New Year's Gift*" (*State Poems*, vol. iii. p. 327).

* The last great wound given to the feudal system was the Act of the 12th of Charles II. which abolished the tenure

[†] See a Pamphlet published in 1693, upon the King's refusing to sign the Triennial Bill, called "*A Discourse between a Yeoman of Kent and a Knight of a Shire*."—"Here-upon (says the Yeoman) the gentleman grew angry, and said that I talked like a base commons-wealth man."

Whose links, around you by the Norman flung,
 Though loosed and broke so often, still have clung.
 Hence sly Prerogative, like Jove of old,
 Has turn'd his thunder into showers of gold,
 Whoss silent courtship wins securer joys,*
 Taints by degrees, and ruins without noise.

of knight's service *in capite*, and which Blackstone compares, for its salutary influence upon property, to the hoasted provisions of Magna Charta itself. Yet even in this Act we see the effects of that counteracting spirit, that Arimanius, which has weakened every effort of the English nation towards liberty, which allowed but half the errors of Popery to be removed at the Reformation, and which planted more abuses than it suffered to be rooted out at the Revolution. The exclusion of copyholders from their share of elective rights was permitted to remain as a brand of feudal servitude, and as an obstacle to the rise of that strong counterbalance which an equal representation of property would oppose to the weight of the Crown. If the managers of the Revolution had been sincere in their wishes for reform, they would not only have taken this fetter off the rights of election, but they would have renewed the mode adopted in Cromwell's time of increasing the number of knights of the shire, to the exclusion of those rotten insignificant boroughs, which have tainted the whole mass of the constitution. Lord Clarendon calls this measure of Cromwell's, "an alteration fit to be more warrantably made, and in a better time." It formed part of Mr. Pitt's plan in 1783; but Mr. Pitt's plan of reform was a kind of dramatic piece, about as likely to be acted as Mr. Sheridan's "Foresters."

* —fore enim tutum iter et patens
 Converso in pretium Deo.
 Aurum per medios ire satellites,

While Parliaments, no more those sacred things
Which make and rule the destiny of Kings,

Et perrumpere amat saxa, potentius

Ictu fulmineo.

HORAT. lib. iii. od. 16.

The Athenians considered seduction so much more dangerous than force, that the penalty for a rape was merely a pecuniary fine, while the guilt of seduction was punished with death. And though it must be owned that, during the reign of that ravisher Prerogative, the poor constitution was treated like Miss Cunegund among the Bulgarians; yet I agree with the principle of the Athenian law, that her present state of willing self-abandonment is much more hopeless and irreclaimable, and calls for a more signal vengeance upon her seducers.

It would be amusing to trace the history of Prerogative from the date of its strength under the Tudor princes, when Henry VII. and his successors "taught the people (as Nathaniel Bacon says) 'to dance to the tune of Allegiance,'" to the period of the Revolution, when the Throne, in its attacks upon liberty, began to exchange the noisy explosions of Prerogative for the silent and effectual air-gun of Influence. In considering it too since that memorable era, we shall find that, while the royal power has been abridged in branches where it might be made conducive to the interests of the people, it has been left in full and unshackled vigour against almost every point where the integrity of the constitution is vulnerable. For instance, the power of chartering boroughs, to whose capricious abuse in the hands of the Stuarts we are indebted for most of the present anomalies of representation, might, if suffered to remain, have in some degree atoned for its mischief by restoring the old unchartered boroughs to their rights, and widening more equally the basis of the legislature. But, by the Act of Union with Scotland, this part of the prerogative was removed, lest Liberty should have

¹ *Historic. and Politic. Discourse*, etc. part ii. p. 114.

Like loaded dice by ministers are thrown,
 And each new set of sharpers cog their own !
 Hence the rich oil, that from the Treasury steals,
 And drips o'er all the Constitution's wheels,
 Giving the old machine such pliant play,*
 That Court and Commons jog one joltless way,

a chance of being healed even by the rust of the spear which had wounded her. The power, however, of creating peers, which has generally been exercised for the government against the constitution, is left in free, unqualified activity; notwithstanding the example of that celebrated Bill for the limitation of this ever-budding branch of prerogative, which was proposed in the reign of George I. under the peculiar sanction and recommendation of the Court, but which the Whigs rejected with that characteristic delicacy, which has generally prevented them, when in office themselves, from taking any uncourtly advantage of the Throne. It will be recollected, however, that the creation of the twelve peers by the Tories in Anne's reign (a measure which Swift, like a true party man, defends) gave these upright Whigs all possible alarm for their liberties.

With regard to this generous fit about his prerogative which seized the good king George I. historians have said that the paroxysm originated more in hatred to his son than in love to the constitution; but no person acquainted with the annals of the three Georges, could possibly suspect any one of those gracious Monarchs either of ill-will to his heir, or indifference for the constitution.

* "They drove so fast (says Welwood of the Ministers of Charles I.), that it was no wonder that the wheels and chariot broke." (Memoirs, p. 35.)—But this fatal accident, if

* Coxe says that this Bill was projected by Sunderland.

While Wisdom trembles for the crazy car,
 So gilt, so rotten, carrying fools so far!
 And the duped people, hourly doom'd to pay
 The sums that bribe their liberties away,*

we may judge from experience, is to be imputed less to the folly and impetuosity of the drivers, than to the want of that suppling oil from the Treasury which has been found so necessary to make a government like that of England run smoothly. If Charles had been as well provided with this article as his successors have been since the happy Revolution, his Commons would never have merited from the Throne the harsh appellation of "seditious vipers," but would have been (as they are now, and I trust always will be) "dutiful Commons,"—"loyal Commons," etc. etc. and would have given him ship-money, or any other sort of money he might take a fancy to.

* The period that immediately succeeds a coronation has been called very aptly the Honey-moon of a reign; and if we suppose the Throne to be the wife, and the People the husband, I know no better model of a matrimonial transaction, nor one that I would sooner recommend to a woman of spirit, than that which the arrangements of 1688 afford. In the first place, she must not only obtain from her husband an allowance of pin-money or civil-list establishment, sufficient to render her independent of his caprice, but she must also prevail on him to make her the steward of his estates, and to intrust her with the management of all his pecuniary concerns. I need not tell a woman of sense to what spirited uses

' This is contrary to the symbolical language of prophecy, in which (according to Sir Isaac Newton) the King is the husband, and the people the wife. See Faber, on the Prophecies.—I would beg leave to suggest to Mr. Faber, that his friend Sir R-ch-d M-sgr-ve can, in his own proper person, supply him with an exposition of "the Horns of the Beast."

Like a young eagle, who has lent his plume
To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom,

she may turn such concessions. He will soon become so tame and docile under her hands, that she may make him play the strangest and most amusing tricks, such as quarrelling with his nearest and dearest relations about a dish of tea,¹ a turban,² or a wafer;³ preparing his house for defence against robbers, by putting fetters and handcuffs on two thirds of its inmates; employing C-nn—g and P-rc-v-l in his sickest moments to read to him alternately Joe Miller and the Catechism, with a thousand other diverting inconsistencies. If her spouse have still enough of sense remaining to grumble at the ridiculous exhibition which she makes of him, let her withhold from him now and then the rights of the Habeas Corpus Act (a mode of proceeding which the women of Athens once adopted),⁴ and if the good man loves such privileges, the interruption will soon restore him to submission. If his former wife were a Papist, or had any tendency that way, I would advise my fair Sovereign, whenever he begins to argue with her unpleasantly, to shout out “No Popery, no Popery!” as loud as she can, into his ears, and it is astonishing what an effect it will have in disconcerting all his arguments. This method was tried lately by an old woman at Northampton, and with much success. — Seriously, this convenient bugbear of Popery is by no means the least among the numberless auxiliaries which the Revolution has marshalled on the side of the Throne.—Those unskilful tyrants Charles and James, instead of profiting wisely by that useful subserviency which has always distinguished the

¹ America.² India.³ Ireland.⁴ See the *Lysistrata* of Aristophanes.—The following is the form of suspension, as he gives it :

Ὅπως αν ανηρ επιτυφη μαλιστα μεν
Κηδικοθ' εκουσι τ' ανδρι τω μω πιστοιμαι.

See their own feathers pluck'd, to wing the dart
Which rank corruption destines for their heart!
But soft! my friend—I hear thee proudly say,
“What! shall I listen to the impious lay,
“That dares, with Tory license, to profane
“The bright bequests of William’s glorious
 reign?

ministers of our religious establishment, were blind enough to plan the ruin of this best bulwark of their power, and connected their designs upon the Church so closely with their attacks upon the Constitution, that they identified in the minds of the people the interests of their religion and their liberties. During those times, therefore, “No Popery” was the watch-word of freedom, and served to keep the public spirit awake against the invasions of bigotry and prerogative. The Revolution, however, by removing this object of jealousy, has produced a reliance on the orthodoxy of the Throne, of which the Throne has not failed to take every possible advantage, and the cry of “No Popery” having, by this means, lost its power of alarming the people against the encroachments of the Crown, has served ever since the very different purpose of strengthening the Crown against the claims and struggles of the people. The danger of the Church from Papists and Pretenders was the chief pretext for the repeal of the Triennial Bill, for the adoption of a standing army, for the numerous suspensions of the Habeas Corpus Act, and in short for all those spirited infractions of the constitution by which the reigns of the last century were so eminently distinguished. We have seen too very lately how the same scarecrow alarm has enabled the Throne to select its ministers from men, whose servility is their only claim to elevation, and who are pledged (if such an alternative *could* arise) to take part with the scruples of the King against the salvation of the empire.

" Shall the great wisdom of our patriot sires,
 " Whom H-wk-sb—y quotes and savoury B-rch
 admires,
 " Be slander'd thus? shall honest St—le agree
 " With virtuous R—se to call us pure and free,
 " Yet fail to prove it? Shall our patent pair
 " Of wise State—Poets waste their words in air,
 " And P—e unheeded breathe his prosperous strain,
 " And C—nn—ng *take the people's sense* in vain?" *

The people!—ah! that Freedom's form should stay
 Where Freedom's Spirit long hath pass'd away!
 That a false smile should play around the dead,
 And flush the features where the soul has fled! †

* Somebody has said, "Quand tous les Poëtes s'écraient noyés, ce ne serait pas grand dommage;" but I am aware that this would be most uncivil language at a time when our birth-day odes and state-papers are written by such pretty poets as Mr. P—e and Mr. C—nn—ng. I can assure the latter, too, that I think him (like his water-proof colleague Lord C—stl—r—gh) reserved for a very different fate from that which the author I have just quoted imagines for his poetical fraternity. All I wish is, that he would change places with his brother P—e, by which means we should have somewhat less prose in our odes, and certainly less poetry in our politics.

† "It is a scandal (said Sir Charles Sedley in William's reign) that a Government so sick at heart as ours is should look so well in the face;" and Edmund Burke has said, in the present reign, "When the people conceive that laws and tribunals,

When Rome had lost her virtue with her rights,
 When her foul tyrant sat on Capreæ's heights *
 Amid his ruffian spies, and doom'd to death
 Each noble name they blasted with their breath!
 Even then (in mockery of that golden time,
 When the Republic rose revered, sublime,
 And her free sons, diffused from zone to zone,
 Gave kings to every country but their own),
 Even then the Senate and the Tribunes stood,
 Insulting marks, to show how Freedom's flood

and even popular assemblies, are perverted from the ends of their institution, they find in these names of degenerated establishments only new motives to discontent. Those bodies which, when full of life and beauty, lay in their arms and were their joy and comfort, when dead and putrid become more loathsome from remembrance of former endearments."—*Thoughts on the present Discontents*, 1770.

* Tutor haberi

Principis, Augustæ Caprearum in rupe sedentis

Cum grege Chaldæo. JUVENAL. *Sat.* x. v. 92.

The senate still continued, during the reign of Tiberius, to manage all the business of the public; the money was then and long after coined by their authority, and every other public affair received their sanction.

We are told by Tacitus of a certain race of men, who were particularly useful to the Roman Emperors; they were called "instrumenta regni," or "Court Tools," from which it appears, that my Lords M-lgr-ve, Ch-th-m, etc. etc. are by no means things of modern invention.

Had dared to flow, in glory's radiant day,
And how it ebb'd, for ever ebb'd away ! *
Oh ! look around—though yet a tyrant's sword
Nor haunts your sleep nor trembles o'er your board,
Though blood be better drawn by modern quacks
With Treasury leeches than with sword or axe ;
Yet say, could even a prostrate Tribune's power,
Or a mock Senate, in Rome's servile hour,
Insult so much the rights, the claims of man,
As doth that fetter'd mob, that free divan,
Of noble tools and honourable knaves,
Of pension'd patriots and privileged slaves !
That party-colour'd mass, which nought can warm
But quick Corruption's heat—whose ready swarm
Spread their light wings in Bribery's golden sky,
Buzz for a period, lay their eggs, and die !
That greedy vampire, which from Freedom's tomb
Comes forth with all the mimicry of bloom

* There is something very touching in what Tacitus tells us of the hopes that revived in a few patriot bosoms, when the death of Augustus was near approaching, and the fond expectation with which they began "*bona libertatis incassum disserere.*"

Ferguson says, that Caesar's interference with the rights of election "made the subversion of the Republic more felt than any of the former acts of his power."—*Roman Republic*, book v. chap. 1.

Upon its lifeless cheek, and sucks and drains
A people's blood to feed its putrid veins!—

“Heavens, what a picture!”—yes, my friend, *'tis*
dark—

“But can *no* light be found, no genuine spark

“Of former fire to warm us? Is there none

“To act a Marvell's part?”*—I fear, not one.

To place and power all public spirit tends,

In place and power all public spirit ends; †

Like hardy plants, that love the air and sky,

When *out*, 'twill thrive—but taken *in*, 'twill die!

* Andrew Marvell, the honest opposer of the court during the reign of Charles the Second, and the last Member of Parliament who, according to the ancient mode, took wages from his constituents. How very much the Commons have changed their pay-masters!—See the *State-Poems* for some rude but spirited effusions of Andrew Marvell.

† The following artless speech of Sir Francis Winnington, in the reign of Charles the Second, will amuse those who are fully aware of the perfection which we have attained in that system of Government whose humble beginnings seem to have astonished the worthy Baronet so much. “I did observe (says he) that all those who had pensions, and most of those who had offices, voted all of a side, as they were directed by some great officer, exactly as if their business in this House had been to preserve their pensions and offices, and not to make laws for the good of them who sent them here.”—He alludes to that Parliament which was called, *par excellence*, the Pensionary Parliament! a distinction, however, which it has long lost, and which we merely give it from old custom, just as we say *The Irish Rebellion*.

Not bolder truths of sacred Freedom hung
From Sidney's pen or burn'd on Fox's tongue,
Than upstart Whigs produce each market-night,
While yet their conscience, as their purse, is light ;
While debts at home excite their care for those
Which, dire to tell, their much-loved country owes,
And loud and upright, till their price be known,
They thwart the King's supplies to raise their own—
But bees, on flowers alighting, cease their hum—
So, settling upon places, Whigs grow dumb !
And though I feel as if indignant Heaven
Must think that wretch too foul to be forgiven,
Who basely hangs the bright, protecting shade
Of Freedom's ensign o'er Corruption's trade,*
And makes the sacred flag he dares to show
His passport to the market of her foe !—
Yet, yet, I own, so venerably dear
Are Freedom's grave old anthems to my ear,
That I enjoy them, though by rascals sung,
And reverence Scripture even from Satan's tongue.

* "While they promise them liberty, they themselves are the servants of corruption." 2 Pet. ii.—I suggest, with much deference, to the expounders of Scripture-Prophecy, whether Mr. C-n-n-g is not at present fulfilling the prediction of "the scoffers," who were to come "in the last days."

Nay, when the Constitution has expired,
 I'll have such men, like Irish wakers, hired
 To sing old Habeas Corpus by its side,
 And ask in purchased ditties, why it died ? *

See that smooth Lord, whom nature's plastic pains
 Seem'd to have destined for those Eastern reigns
 When eunuchs flourish'd, and when nerveless
 things
 That men rejected were the chosen of Kings.†

* I believe it is in following the corpse to the grave, and not at the wakes (as we call the watching of the dead), that this elegiac howl of my countrymen is performed. Spenser says, that our howl "is heathenish, and proceeds from a despair of salvation." If so, I think England may join in chorus with us at present. — The Abbé de Motraye tells us, that the Jews in the East address their dead in a similar manner, and say, "Hu! Hu! Hu! why did you die? Hadn't you a wife? Hadn't you a long pipe?" etc. etc. (See his Travels.) I thought for a long time with Vallancey, that we were a colony of Carthaginians, but from this passage of De Motraye, and from the way in which Mr. P-r-e-v-l would have us treated, I begin to suspect we are no better than Jews.

† According to Xenophon, the chief circumstance which recommended eunuchs to the service of Eastern princes, was the ignominious station which they held in society, and the probability of their being, upon this account, more devoted to the will and caprice of a master, from whose notice alone they derived consideration, and in whose favour they found a refuge from the contempt of mankind. *Αδελφοί οἷς οἱ εὐνοῦχοι παρὰ τοῖς ἄλλοις ἀνδράποισι καὶ διὰ τὸ τοιοῦτον*

Even *he*, forsooth (oh, mockery accurst !)
 Dared to assume the patriot's name at first—*
 Thus Pitt began, and thus begin his apes ;
 Thus devils, when *first* raised, take pleasing
 shapes—

But oh, poor Ireland ! if revenge be sweet
 For centuries of wrong, for dark deceit
 And withering insult—for the Union thrown
 Into thy bitter cup, † when that alone
 Of slavery's draught was wanting §—if for this
 Revenge be sweet, thou *hast* that dæmon's bliss ;

πικρὴν προδότην.—But I doubt whether even an Eastern Prince would have chosen an entire Administration upon this principle.

* Does Lord C-stl-r—gh remember the reforming *Resolutions* of his early days?

† “ And in the cup an Union shall be thrown.”

HAMLET.

Three C's were branded in the Sibylline books, as fatal to the peace and liberties of Rome. *Τρεῖς κακὰ καίσα* (Cornelius Sylla, Cornelius Cinna, and Cornelius Lentulus¹). And three C's will be remembered in Ireland as long as C-m-d-n and cruelty, Cl-re and corruption, C-stl-r—gh and contempt, are alliteratively and appropriately associated.

§ Among the many measures which, since the Revolution, have contributed to increase the influence of the Throne, and

¹ See a pamphlet on the Union, by “a Philosopher.”

² See a Treatise by Pontus De Thiard, “De rectâ Nominum Impositione,” p. 43.

For oh ! 'tis more than hell's revenge to see
That England trusts the men who've ruin'd thee !*

to feed up this "Aaron's serpent" of the constitution to its present healthy and respectable magnitude, there have been few more nutritive than the Scotch and Irish Unions. Sir John Packer said, in a debate upon the former question, that "he would submit it to the House, whether men who had basely betrayed their trust, by giving up their independent constitution, were fit to be admitted into the English House of Commons." But Sir John would have known, if he had not been out of place at the time, that the pliancy of such materials was not among the least of their recommendations. Indeed the promoters of the Scotch Union were by no means disappointed in the leading object of their measure, for the triumphant majorities of the Court-party in Parliament may be dated from the admission of the 45 and the 16. Once or twice, upon the alteration of their law of treason and the imposition of the malt-tax (measures which were in direct violation of the Act of Union), these worthy North Britons arrayed themselves in opposition to the Court; but finding this effort for their country unavailing, they prudently determined to think thenceforward of themselves, and few men have kept to a laudable resolution more firmly.—The effect of Irish representation upon the liberties of England will be no less perceptible and no less permanent.

..... Οὐδ' ὄγῃ ΤΑΥΡΟΙ
Αἰκίζεται ANTEΛΛΟΝΤΟΣ.

The infusion of such cheap and useful ingredients as my Lord L-m-r-ck, Mr. D-nn-s Br-wne, etc. etc. into the Legis-

* From Aratus (v. 715), a poet who wrote upon astronomy, though, as Cicero assures us, he knew nothing whatever about the subject—just as the great Harvey wrote "De Generatione," though he had as little to do with the matter as my Lord Viscount C.

That, in these awful days, when every hour
 Creates some new or blasts some ancient power,
 When proud Napoleon, like the burning shield *
 Whose light compell'd each wondering foe to yield,
 With baleful lustre blinds the brave and free,
 And dazzles Europe into slavery !

That, in this hour, when patriot zeal should guide,
 When Mind should rule, and—Fox should *not*
 have died,

All that devoted England can oppose
 To enemies made fiends and friends made foes,
 Is the rank refuse, the despised remains †.
 Of that unpitying power, whose whips and chains

lature, must act as a powerful alterative on the Constitution,
 and clear it by degrees of all the troublesome humours of
 honesty.

* The magician's shield in Ariosto :—

E tolto per verth dello splendore
 La libertate a loro. *Cant. 2.*

We are told that Cæsar's code of morality was contained in the
 following lines of Euripides, which that great man very fre-
 quently repeated :

Εἰπερ γὰρ ἀδίκειν χεὶρ τυραννίδος περὶ
 Καλλίστον ἀδίκειν· τὰλλα δ' εὐσιβείη χερῶν.

This appears to be also the moral code of Bonaparte.

† When the Duke of Buckingham was assassinated, Charles
 the First, as a tribute to his memory, continued all his crea-

Made Ireland first, in wild, adulterous trance,
 Turn false to England's bed and whore with
 France!—

Those hack'd and tainted tools, so foully fit
 For the grand artizan of mischief, P-tt,
 So useless ever but in vile employ,
 So weak to save, so vigorous to destroy!
 Such are the men that guard thy threaten'd shore,
 Oh England! sinking England! * boast no more.

tures in the same posts and favours which they had enjoyed under their patron; and much in the same manner do we see the country sacrificed to the manes of a Minister at present.

It is invidious perhaps to look for parallels in the reign of Charles the First, but the expedient of threatening the Commons with dissolution, which has lately been played off with so much eclat, appears to have been frequently resorted to at that period. In one instance Hume tells us, that the King sent his Lord Keeper (*not his Jester*) to menace the House, that, unless they dispatched a certain Bill for subsidies, they must expect to sit no longer. By similar threats the excise upon beer and ale was carried in Charles the Second's reign. It is edifying to know, that though Mr. C-n-n-g despises Puffendorf, he has no objection to precedents derived from the Courts of the Stuarts.

* The following prophetic remarks occur in a letter written by Sir Robert Talbot, who attended the Duke of Bedford to Paris in 1762. Talking of states which have grown powerful in commerce, he says, "According to the nature and common course of things, there is a confederacy against them, and consequently in the same proportion as they increase in riches, they approach to destruction. The address of our King William, in making all Europe take

the alarm at France, has brought that country before us near that inevitable period. We must necessarily have our turn, and Great Britain will attain it as soon as France shall have a declaimer with organs as proper for that political purpose as were those of our William the Third. Without doubt, my Lord, Great Britain must lower her flight. Europe will remind us of the balance of commerce, as she has reminded France of the balance of power. The address of our statesmen will immortalize them by contriving for us a descent which shall not be a fall, by making us rather resemble Holland than Carthage and Venice."—*Letters on the French Nation.*

INTOLERANCE.

PART THE FIRST.

"This clamour, which pretends to be raised for the safety of Religion, has almost worn out the very appearance of it, and rendered us not only the most divided but the most immoral people upon the face of the earth."

ADDISON, *Freeholder*, No. 37.



INTOLERANCE.

START not, my Friend, nor think the Muse will
stain

Her classic fingers with the dust profane
Of Bulls, Decrees, and fulminating scrolls,
That took such freedom once with royal souls,*

* The king-deposing doctrine, notwithstanding its many mischievous absurdities, was of no little service to the cause of political liberty, by inculcating the right of resistance to tyrants, and asserting the will of the people to be the only true fountain of power. Bellarmine, the most violent of the advocates for papal authority, was one of the first to maintain (see *De Pontif. lib. i. cap 7*), "That Kings have not their authority or office immediately from God nor his law, but only from the law of nations;" and in King James's "Defence of the Rights of Kings against Cardinal Perron," we find His Majesty expressing strong indignation against the Cardinal for having asserted "that to the deposing of a King the consent of the people must be obtained"—"for by these words (says James) the people are exalted above the King, and made the judges of the King's deposing," p. 424.—Even in Mariana's celebrated book, where the nonsense of bigotry does not interfere, there are some liberal and enlightened ideas of government, of the restraints which should be imposed upon Royal power, of the subordination of the Throne to the interests of

When Heaven was yet the Pope's exclusive trade,
And Kings were *damn'd* as fast as now they're
made!

the people, etc. etc. (De Rege et Regis Institutione. See particularly lib. i. cap. 6, 8, and 9.)—It is rather remarkable, too, that England should be indebted to another Jesuit, for the earliest defence of that principle upon which the Revolution was founded, namely, the right of the people to change the succession.—(See Doleman's "Conferences," written in support of the title of the Infanta of Spain against that of James I.)—When Englishmen, therefore, say that Popery is the religion of slavery, they should not only recollect that their boasted Constitution is the work and bequest of Popish ancestors; they should not only remember the laws of Edward III. "under whom (says Bolingbroke) the constitution of our Parliaments, and the whole form of our Government, became reduced into better form;" but they should know that even the errors of Popery have leaned to the cause of liberty, and that Papists, however mistaken their motives may have been, were the first promulgators of the doctrines which led to the Revolution.—But, in truth, the political principles of the Roman Catholics have generally been made to suit the convenience of their oppressors, and they have been represented alternately as slavish or refractory, according as a pretext for tormenting them was wanting. The same inconsistency has marked every other imputation against them. They are charged with laxity in the observance of oaths, though an oath has been found sufficient to shut them from all worldly advantages. If they reject some decisions of their church, they are said to be sceptics and bad Christians; if they admit those very decisions, they are branded as bigots and bad subjects. We are told that confidence and kindness will make them enemies to the Government, though we know that exclusion and injuries have with difficulty prevented them from being its friends. In short, nothing can better illustrate the misery of those shifts and

No, no—let D—gen-n search the Papal chair*
 For fragrant treasures long forgotten there;
 And, as the witch of sunless Lapland thinks
 That little swarthy gnomes delight in stinks,
 Let sallow P—rc—v—l snuff up the gale
 Which wizard D—gen-n's gather'd sweets ex-
 hale!

Enough for me, whose heart has learn'd to scorn
 Bigots alike in Rome or England born,
 Who loathe the venom, whencesoe'er it springs,
 From Popes or Lawyers,† Pastry-cooks or Kings;
 Enough for me to laugh and weep by turns,
 As mirth provokes, or indignation burns,
 As C—nn—ng vapours, or as France succeeds,
 As H—wk—sb'ry prosés, or as Ireland bleeds!

evasions by which a long course of cowardly injustice must be supported, than the whole history of Great Britain's conduct towards the Catholic part of her empire.

* The "*Sella Stercoraria*" of the Popes.—The Right Honourable and learned Doctor will find an engraving of this chair in Spanheim's "*Disquisitio Historica de Papæ Fœminâ*" (p. 118); and I recommend it as a model for the fashion of that seat which the Doctor is about to take in the *Privy-Council of Ireland*.

† When Innocent X. was entreated to decide the controversy between the Jesuits and the Jansenists, he answered, that "he had been bred a Lawyer, and had therefore nothing to

And thou, my Friend—if, in these headlong days,
When bigot Zeal her drunken antics plays
So near a precipice, that men the while
Look breathless on and shudder while they smile—
If, in such fearful days, thou'lt dare to look
To hapless Ireland, to this rankling nook
Which Heaven has freed from poisonous things in
vain,

While G-ff-rd's tongue and M-sgr-ve's pen remain—
If thou hast yet no golden blinkers got
To shade thine eyes from this devoted spot,
Whose wrongs, though blazon'd o'er the world
they be,

Placemen alone are privileged *not* to see—
Oh ! turn awhile, and, though the shamrock
wreathes

My homely harp, yet shall the song it breathes
Of Ireland's slavery, and of Ireland's woes,
Live, when the memory of her tyrant foes
Shall but exist, all future knaves to warn,
Embalm'd in hate and canonized by scorn !

do with divinity."—It were to be wished that some of our English pettifoggers knew their element as well as Pope Innocent X:

When C-stl-r—gh,* in sleep still more profound
 Than his own opiate tongue now deals around,
 Shall wait th' impeachment of that awful day
 Which even *his* practised hand can't bribe away!

And oh! my friend, wert thou but near me now,
 To see the spring diffuse o'er Erin's brow
 Smiles that shine out, unconquerably fair,
 Even through the blood-marks left by C-md-n †
 there!

Couldst thou but see what verdure paints the sod
 Which none but tyrants and their slaves have trod,

* The breach of faith which the managers of the Irish Union have been guilty of, in disappointing those hopes of emancipation which they excited in the bosoms of the Catholics, is no new trait in the annals of English policy. A similar deceit was practised to facilitate the Union with Scotland, and hopes were held out of exemption from the Corporation and Test Acts, in order to divert the Parliament of that country from encumbering the measure with any stipulation to that effect.

† Not the C-md-n who speaks thus of Ireland:

“Atque uno verbo dicam, sive Iernæ fecunditatem, sive maris et portuum opportunitatem, sive incolas respicies qui bellicosi sunt, ingeniosi, corporum lincamentis conspicui, mirificâ carnis mollitiæ et propter musculorum tencritatem agilitate incredibili, a multis dotibus ita felix est insula, ut non male dixerit Gyraldus, ‘naturam hoc Zephyri regnum benigniori oculo respexisse.’”

Tyrants by creed, and torturers by text,
Make *this* life hell, in honour of the *next* !

dition every single member of the Greek church, and I doubt whether a more sweeping clause of damnation was ever proposed in the most bigoted council, than that which the Calvinistic theory of predestination in the seventeenth of these Articles exhibits. It is true that no liberal Protestant avows such exclusive opinions; that every honest clergyman must feel a pang while he subscribes to them; that some even assert the Athanasian Creed to be the forgery of one Vigilius Tapsensis, in the beginning of the sixth century, and that eminent divines, like Jortin, have not hesitated to say, "There are propositions contained in our Liturgy and Articles, which no man of common sense amongst us believes." But while all this is freely conceded to Protestants; while nobody doubts their sincerity, when they declare that their articles are not essentials of faith, but a collection of opinions which have been promulgated by fallible men, and from many of which they feel themselves justified in dissenting,—while so much liberty of retraction is allowed to Protestants upon their own declared and subscribed Articles of religion, is it not strange that a similar indulgence should be refused, with such unconquerable obstinacy, to the Catholics, upon tenets which their church has uniformly resisted and condemned, in every country where it has flourished independently? When the Catholics say, "The decree of the council of Lateran, which you object to us, has no claim whatever upon either our faith or our reason; it did not even profess to contain any doctrinal decision, but was merely a judicial proceeding of that assembly; and it would be as fair for us to impute a *wife-killing* doctrine to the Protestants, because their first Pope, Henry VIII. was sanctioned in an indulgence of that propensity, as for you to conclude that we have inherited a king-deposing taste from the *acts* of the Council of

¹ Strictures on the Articles, Subscriptions, etc.

Your R-desd-les, P-rc-v-ls—oh, gracious Heaven !
 If I'm presumptuous, be my tongue forgiven,
 When here I swear, by my soul's hope of rest,
 I'd rather have been born, e'er man was blest
 With the pure dawn of Revelation's light,
 Yes!—rather plunge me back in Pagan night,

Lateran, or the secular pretensions of our Popes. With respect, too, to the Decree of the Council of Constance, upon the strength of which you accuse us of breaking faith with heretics, we do not hesitate to pronounce that Decree a calumnious forgery, a forgery, too, so obvious and ill-fabricated, that none but our enemies have ever ventured to give it the slightest credit for authenticity:”—When the Catholics make these declarations (and they are almost weary with making them); when they show too, by their conduct, that these declarations are sincere, and that their faith and morals are no more regulated by the absurd decrees of old councils and Popes, than their science is influenced by the Papal anathema against that Irishman,¹ who first found out the Antipodes:—is it not strange that so many still wilfully distrust what every good man is so much interested in believing? That so many should prefer the dark-lantern of the 13th century to the sunshine of intellect which has since spread over the world, and that every dabbler in theology, from Mr. Le Mesurier down to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, should dare to oppose the rubbish of Constance and Lateran to the bright triumphant progress of justice, generosity, and truth?

¹ Virgilius, surnamed Solivagus, a native of Ireland, who maintained, in the 8th century, the doctrine of the Antipodes, and was anathematized accordingly by the Pope. John Scotus Erigena, another Irishman, was the first that ever wrote against transubstantiation.

And take my chance with Socrates for bliss,*
 Than be the Christian of a faith like this,
 Which builds on heavenly cant its earthly sway,
 And in a convert mourns to lose a prey ;

* There is a singular work "upon the Souls of the Pagans," by one Franciscus Collius, in which he discusses, with much coolness and erudition, all the probable chances of salvation upon which a heathen philosopher may calculate. He damns without much difficulty Socrates, Plato, etc. and the only one at whose fate he seems to hesitate is Pythagoras, in consideration of his golden thigh, and the many miracles which he performed: but, having balanced his claims a little, and finding reason to father all these miracles on the devil, he at length, in the twenty-fifth chapter, decides upon damning him also. (*De Animabus Paganorum*, lib. iv. cap. 20 and 25.)—Dante compromises the matter with the Pagans, and gives them a neutral territory or limbo of their own, where their employment, it must be owned, is not very enviable—"Senza speme vivemo in desio." *Cant.* iv.—Among the many errors imputed to Origen, he is accused of having denied the eternity of future punishment, and, if he never advanced a more irrational doctrine, we may forgive him. He went so far, however, as to include the devil himself in the general hell-delivery which he supposed would one day or other take place, and in this St. Augustin thinks him rather too merciful—"Miserecordior profecto fuit Origenes, qui et ipsum diabolum," etc. (*De Civitat. Dei*, lib. xxi. cap. 17.)—St. Jerom says, that, according to Origen, "the devil, after a certain time, will be as well off as the angel Gabriel"—"Id ipsum fore Gabrielem quod diabolum." (See his *Epistle to Pammachius*.) But Halloix, in his *Defence of Origen*, denies that he had any of this misplaced tenderness for the devil.—I take the liberty of recommending these *notitiæ* upon damnation to the particular attention of the learned Chancellor of the Exchequer

Which, binding polity in spiritual chains,
 And tainting piety with temporal stains, *
 Corrupts both State and Church, and makes an
 oath

The knave and atheist's passport into both—
 Which, while it dooms dissenting souls to know
 Nor bliss above nor liberty below,
 Adds the slave's suffering to the sinner's fear,
 And, lest he 'scape hereafter, racks him here ! †

* Mr. Fox, in his Speech on the Repeal of the Test Act (1790), condemns the intermixture of religion with the political constitution of a state: "What purpose (he asks) can it serve, except the baleful purpose of communicating and receiving contamination? Under such an alliance corruption must alight upon the one, and slavery overwhelm the other."

Locke, too, says of the connexion between Church and State, "The boundaries on both sides are fixed and immoveable. He jumbles heaven and earth together, the things most remote and opposite, who mixes these two societies, which are in their original, end, business, and in every thing, perfectly distinct and infinitely different from each other."—*First Letter on Toleration*.

The corruptions of Christianity may be dated from the period of its establishment under Constantine, nor could all the splendour which it then acquired atone for the peace and purity which it lost.

† I doubt whether, after all, there has not been as much bigotry among Protestants as among Papists. According to the hackneyed quotation—

Iliacos intra muros peccatur et extra.

The great champion of the Reformation, Melancthon, whom

But no—far other faith, far milder beams
Of heavenly justice warm the Christian's dreams

Jortin calls "a divine of much mildness and *good-nature*," thus expresses his approbation of the burning of Servetus: "Legi (he says to Bullinger) quæ de Serveti blasphemias respondistis, et pietatem ac judicia vestra probo. Judico etiam senatum Genevensem rectè fecisse, quod hominem pertinacem et non omisurum blasphemias sustulit; ac miratus sum esse qui severitatem illam improbant."—I have great pleasure in contrasting with these "mild and good-natured" sentiments the following words of the Papist Baluze, in addressing his friend Conringius: "Interim amemus, mi Conringi, et tamen si diversas opiniones tuemus in causâ religionis, moribus tamen diversi non simus, qui eadem literarum studia sectamur."—HERMAN. *Conring. Epistol.* par. secund. p. 56.

Hume tells us that the Commons, in the beginning of Charles the First's reign, "attacked Montague, one of the King's chaplains, on account of a moderate book which he had lately composed, and which, to their great disgust, saved virtuous Catholics, as well as other Christians, from eternal torments."—In the same manner a complaint was lodged before the Lords of the Council against that excellent writer Hooker, for having, in a Sermon against Popery, attempted to save many of his Popish ancestors for *ignorance*.—To these examples of Protestant toleration I shall beg leave to oppose the following extract from a letter of old Roger Ascham (the tutor of Queen Elizabeth), which is preserved among the Harrington Papers, and was written in 1566, to the Earl of Leicester, complaining of the Archbishop Young, who had taken away his prebend in the church of York: "Master Bourne did never grieve me half so moche in offering me wrong, as Mr. Dudley and the Byshopp of York doe, in taking away my right. No byshopp in Q. Mary's time would have so dealt with me;

' Sir John Bourne, Principal Secretary of State to Queen Mary.

His creed is writ on Mercy's page above,
 By the pure hands of all-atoning Love!
He weeps to see his soul's Religion twine
 The tyrant's sceptre with her wreath divine,
 And *he*, while round him sects and nations raise
 To the one God their varying notes of praise,

not Mr. Bourne himself, when Winchester lived, durst have so dealt with me. For suche good estimation in those dayes even the learnedst and wysest men, as Gardener and Cardinal Poole, made of my poore service, that although they knewe perfectly that in religion, both by open wrytinge and pryvie talke, I was contrarye unto them; yea, when Sir Francis Englefield by name did note me speciallye at the counceill-board, Gardener would not suffer me to be called thither, nor touched ellswheare, sainge suchie words of me in a lettre, as, though lettres cannot, I blushe to write them to your lordshipp. Winchester's good-will stooode not in speaking faire and wishing well, but he did in deede that for me,¹ whereby my wife and children shall live the better when I am gone.' (See *Nugæ Antiquæ*, vol. i. p. 98, 99.)—If men who acted thus were bigots, what shall we call Mr. P-re-v-l?

In Sutcliffe's "Survey of Popery" there is the following assertion: "Papists, that positively hold the heretieal and false doctrines of the modern church of Rome, cannot possibly be saved."—As a contrast to this and other specimens of Protestant liberality, which it would be much more easy than pleasant to collect, I refer my reader to the Declaration of Le Père Contrayer, and, while he reads the sentiments of this pious man upon toleration, I doubt not he will feel inclined to exclaim with Belsham, "Blush, ye protestant bigots! and be

¹ By Gardener's favour Ascham long held his fellowship, though not resident.

Blesses each voice, whate'er its tone may be,
 That serves to swell the general harmony ! *
 Such was the spirit, grandly, gently bright,
 That fill'd, oh Fox ! thy peaceful soul with light ;
 While blandly spreading, like that orb of air
 Which folds our planet in its circling care,
 The mighty sphere of thy transparent mind
 Embraced the world, and breathed for all man-
 kind !

Last of the great, farewell !—yet *not* the last—
 Though Britain's sunshine hour with thee be past,
 Ierne still one gleam of glory gives,
 And feels but half thy loss while Grattan lives.

confounded at the comparison of your own wretched and malignant prejudices with the generous and enlarged ideas, the noble and animated language of this Popish priest."—*Essays*, xxvii. p. 86.

* "La tolérance est la chose du monde la plus propre à ramener le siècle d'or et à faire un concert et une harmonie de plusieurs voix et instruments de différents tons et notes, aussi agréable pour le moins que l'uniformité d'une seule voix." Bayle, *Commentaire Philosophique*, etc. part ii. chap. vi.
 —Both Bayle and Locke would have treated the subject of Toleration in a manner more worthy of themselves and of the cause, if they had written in an age less distracted by religious prejudices.



APPENDIX.



APPENDIX.

THE following is part of a Preface which was intended by a friend and countryman of mine for a collection of Irish airs, to which he had adapted English words. As it has never been published, and is not inapplicable to my subject, I shall take the liberty of subjoining it here.

* * * *

“ Our history, for many centuries past, is creditable neither to our neighbours nor ourselves, and ought not to be read by any Irishman who wishes either to love England or to feel proud of Ireland. The loss of independence very early debased our character, and our feuds and rebellions, though frequent and ferocious, but seldom displayed that generous spirit of enterprise with which the pride of an independent monarchy so long dignified the struggles of Scotland. It is true this island has given birth to heroes who, under more favourable circumstances, might have left in the hearts of their countrymen recollections as dear as those of a Bruce or a Wallace; but success was wanting to consecrate resistance, their cause was branded with the disheartening name of treason, and their oppressed country was such a blank among nations, that, like the adventures of those woods which Rinaldo wished

to explore, the fame of their actions was lost in the obscurity of the place where they achieved them.

—— Errando in quelli boschi
 Trovar potria strane avventure e molte,
 Ma come i luoghi i fatti ancor son foschi,
 Che non se'n ha notizia le più volte.*

“ Hence it is that the annals of Ireland, through a long lapse of six hundred years, exhibit not one of those shining names, not one of those themes of national pride, from which poetry borrows her noblest inspiration; and that history, which ought to be the richest garden of the Muse, yields nothing to her here but weeds and cypress. In truth, the poet who would embellish his song with allusions to Irish names and events, must be content to seek them in those early periods when our character was yet unalloyed and original, before the impolitic craft of our conquerors had divided, weakened, and disgraced us; and the only traits of heroism which he can venture at this day to commemorate, with safety to himself, or, perhaps, with honour to the country, are to be looked for in those times when the native monarchs of Ireland displayed and fostered virtues worthy of a better age; when our Malachies wore collars of gold which they had won in single combat from the invader, † and our Briens deserved the blessings of a people by all the most estimable qualities of a king. It may be said indeed that the magic of tradition has shed a charm over this remote period, to which it is in reality but little entitled, and that most of the pictures, which we dwell on so fondly, of days when this island was dis-

* Ariosto, canto iv.

† See Warner's History of Ireland, vol. i. book ix.

tinguished amidst the gloom of Europe, by the sanctity of her morals, the spirit of her knighthood, and the polish of her schools, are little more than the inventions of national partiality, that bright but spurious offspring which vanity engenders upon ignorance, and with which the first records of every people abound. But the sceptic is scarcely to be envied who would pause for stronger proofs than we already possess of the early glories of Ireland; and were even the veracity of all these proofs surrendered, yet who would not fly to such flattering fictions from the sad degrading truths which the history of later times presents to us?

“ The language of sorrow however is, in general, best suited to our Music, and with themes of this nature the poet may be amply supplied. There is not a page of our annals which cannot afford him a subject, and while the national Muse of other countries adorns her temple with trophies of the past, in Ireland her altar, like the shrine of Pity at Athens, is to be known only by the tears that are shed upon it; ‘*lacrymis altaria sudant.*’* ”

“ There is a well-known story, related of the Antiochians under the reign of Theodosius, which is not only honourable to the powers of music in general, but which applies so peculiarly to the mournful melodies of Ireland, that I cannot resist the temptation of introducing it here. —The piety of Theodosius would have been admirable, if it had not been stained with intolerance; but his reign affords, I believe, the first example of a disqualifying penal code enacted by Christians against Christians.† Whether

* Statius, Thebaid. lib. xii.

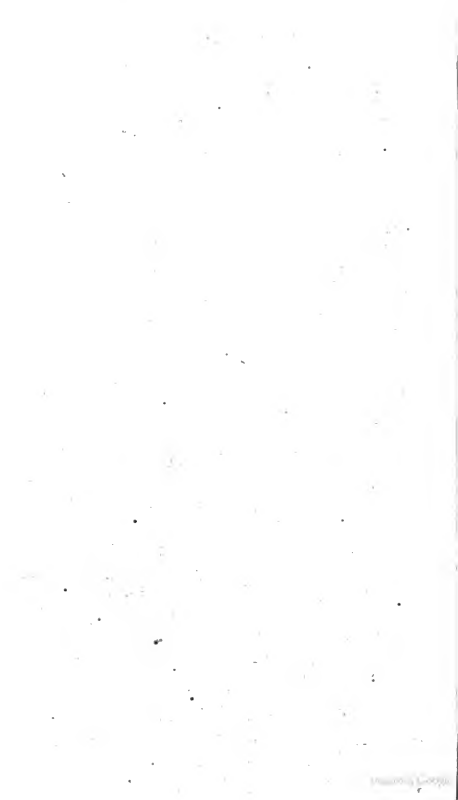
† “ A sort of civil excommunication (says Gibbon), which separated them from their fellow-citizens by a peculiar brand

his interference with the religion of the Antiochians had any share in the alienation of their loyalty is not expressly ascertained by historians ; but severe edicts, heavy taxation, and the rapacity and insolence of the men whom he sent to govern them, sufficiently account for the discontents of a warm and susceptible people. Repentance soon followed the crimes into which their impatience had hurried them, but the vengeance of the Emperor was implacable, and punishments of the most dreadful nature hung over the city of Antioch, whose devoted inhabitants, totally resigned to despondence, wandered through the streets and public assemblies, giving utterance to their grief in dirges of the most touching lamentation.* At length, Flavianus, their bishop, whom they sent to intercede

of infamy ; and this declaration of the supreme magistrate tended to justify, or at least to excuse, the insults of a fanatic populace. The sectaries were gradually disqualified for the possession of honourable or lucrative employments, and Theodosius was satisfied with his own justice when he decreed, that, as the Eunomians distinguished the nature of the Son from that of the Father, they should be incapable of making their wills, or of receiving any advantage from testamentary donations."

* *Μελη τινα ολοφωρως πληρη και συμπαθειας συνθεμενοι, ταις μελωδιαις επηδον.*—Niciphor. lib. xii. cap. 43. This story is also in Sozomen, lib. vii. cap. 23 ; but unfortunately Chrysostom says nothing whatever about it, and he not only had the best opportunities of information, but was too fond of music, as appears by his praises of psalmody (Exposit. in Psalm. xli.), to omit such a flattering illustration of its powers. He imputes their reconciliation to the interference of the Antiochian solitaries, while Zozimus attributes it to the remonstrances of the sophist Libanius.—Gibbon, I think, does not even allude to the story of the musicians.

with Theodosius, finding all his entreaties coldly rejected, adopted the expedient of teaching these songs of sorrow, which he had heard from the lips of his unfortunate countrymen, to the minstrels who performed for the Emperor at table. The heart of Theodosius could not resist this appeal; tears fell fast into his cup while he listened, and the Antiochians were forgiven.—Surely, if music ever spoke the misfortunes of a people, or could ever conciliate forgiveness for their errors, the music of Ireland ought to possess those powers!"



THE
SCEPTIC,
A PHILOSOPHICAL SATIRE.

NOMON ΠΑΝΤΩΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΑ.

PINDAR, ap. Herodot. lib. 3.

PREFACE.

THE Sceptical Philosophy of the Ancients has been as much misrepresented as the Epicurean. Pyrrho perhaps may have carried it to an irrational excess (though we must not believe, with Beattie, all the absurdities imputed to this philosopher), but it appears to me that the doctrines of the school, as stated by Sextus Empiricus,* are much more suited to the frailty of human reason, and more conducive to the mild virtues of humility and patience, than any of those systems which preceded the introduction of Christianity. The Sceptics held a middle path between the Dogmatists and Academicians, the former of whom boasted that they had attained the truth, while the latter denied that any attainable truth existed : the Sceptics, however, without

* Pyrrh. Hypoth. The reader may find a tolerably clear abstract of this work of Sextus Empiricus in *La Vérité des Sciences*, by Mersenne, liv. i. chap. ii. etc.

asserting or denying its existence, professed to be modestly and anxiously in search of it; as St. Augustin expresses it, in his liberal tract against the Manichæans, "*nemo nostrum dicat jam se invenisse veritatem; sic eam quæramus quasi ab utrisque nesciatur.*"* From this habit of impartial investigation, and the necessity which they imposed upon themselves, of studying not only every system of philosophy, but every art and science, which pretended to lay its basis in truth, they necessarily took a wider range of erudition, and were more travelled in the regions of philosophy than those whom conviction or bigotry had domesticated in any particular system. It required all the learning of dogmatism to overthrow the dogmatism of learning; and the Sceptics, in this respect, resembled that ancient incendiary, who stole from the altar the fire with which he destroyed the temple. This advantage over all the other sects is allowed to them even by Lipsius, whose treatise on the miracles of the Virgo Hallensis will sufficiently save him from all suspicion of scepticism. "Labore,

* Lib. contra Epist. Manichæi quam vocant Fundamenti, Op. Paris, tom. vi.

ingenio, memoria supra omnes pene philosophos fuisse.—Quid nonne omnia aliorum secta tenere debuerunt et inquirere, si poterunt refellere? res dicit. Nonne orationes varias, raras, subtiles inveniri ad tam receptas, claras, certas (ut videbatur) sententias evertendas?" etc. etc. * *Manuduct. ad Philosoph. Stoic. Dissert. 4.*

The difference between the scepticism of the ancients and the moderns is, that the former doubted for the purpose of investigating, as may be exemplified by the third book of Aristotle's *Metaphysics*, † while the latter investigate for the purpose of doubting, as may be seen through most of the philosophical works of Hume. § Indeed the Pyrrhonism of latter days is not only more subtle than that of antiquity, but, it must be confessed, more

* See Martin. Schoockius. de Scepticismo, who endeavours, I think weakly, to refute this opinion of Lipsius.

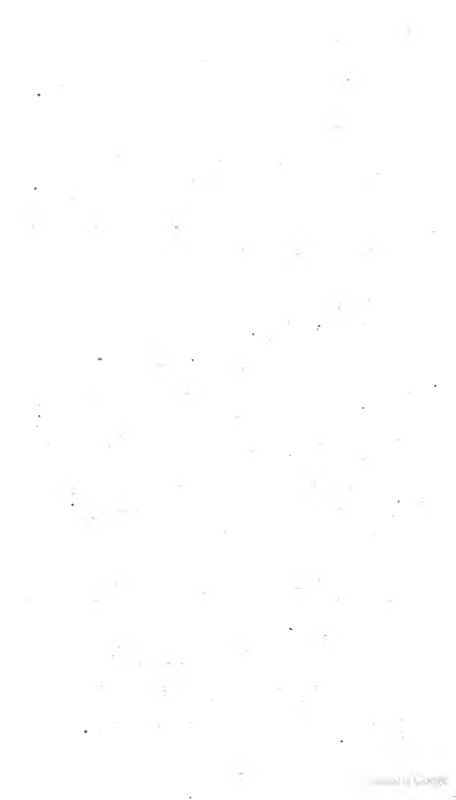
† *Εσι δι τοις ευπορησαι βυλομεναις πρυγυ το διαπορησαι καλως.*—

Metaphys. lib. iii. cap. 1.

§ Neither Hume, however; nor Berkeley, are to be judged by the misrepresentations of Beattie, whose book, however amiably intended, appears to me a most unphilosophical appeal to popular feelings and prejudices, and a continued *petitio principii* throughout.

dangerous in its tendency. The happiness of a Christian depends so much upon his belief, that it is natural he should feel alarm at the progress of doubt, lest it steal by degrees into the region from which he is most interested in excluding it, and poison at last the very spring of his consolation and hope. Still, however, the abuses of doubting ought not to deter a philosophical mind from indulging mildly and rationally in its use; and there is nothing, I think, more consistent with the humble spirit of Christianity, than the scepticism of him who professes not to extend his distrust beyond the circle of human pursuits, and the pretensions of human knowledge. A philosopher of this kind is among the readiest to admit the claims of Heaven upon his faith and adoration: it is only to the wisdom of this weak world that he refuses, or at least delays, his assent; it is only in passing through the shadow of earth that his mind undergoes the eclipse of scepticism. No follower of Pyrrho has ever spoken more strongly against the dogmatists than St. Paul himself, in the First Epistle to the Corinthians; and there are passages in Ecclesiastes, and other parts of Scripture, which justify our utmost

diffidence in all that human reason originates. Even the Sceptics of antiquity refrained from the mysteries of theology, and, in entering the temples of religion, laid aside their philosophy at the porch. Sextus Empiricus thus declares the acquiescence of his sect in the general belief of a superintending Providence : *Τῷ μὲν βίῳ κατακολουθῶντες ἀδοξάζουσιν εἶναι θεὸν καὶ σέβουσιν θεὸν καὶ προνοεῖν αὐτὸν φασιν.* Lib. iii. cap. 1. In short, it appears to me that this rational and well-regulated scepticism is the only daughter of the schools that can be selected as a handmaid for Piety : he who distrusts the light of reason, will be the first to follow a more luminous guide ; and if, with an ardent love for truth, he has sought her in vain through the ways of this life, he will turn with the more hope to that better world, where all is simple, true, and everlasting : for there is no parallax at the zenith—it is only near our troubled horizon that objects deceive us into vague and erroneous calculations.



THE S C E P T I C.

As the gay tint, that decks the vernal rose,*
Not in the flower, but in our vision glows;

* "The particular bulk, number, figure, and motion of the parts of fire or snow are really in them, whether any one perceive them or not, and therefore they may be called real qualities, because they really exist in those bodies; but light, heat, whiteness, or coldness, are no more really in them than sickness or pain is in manna.* Take away the sensation of them; let not the eye see light or colours, nor the ears hear sounds, let the palate not taste, nor the nose smell, and all colours, tastes, odours, and sounds, as they are such particular ideas, vanish and cease." LOCKE, book ii. chap. 8.

Bishop Berkeley, it is well known, extended this doctrine even to primary qualities, and supposed that matter itself has but an ideal existence. How shall we apply the bishop's theory to that period which preceded the formation of man, when our system of sensible things was produced, and the sun shone, and the waters flowed, without any sentient being to witness them? The spectator, whom Whiston supplies, will scarcely solve the difficulty: "To speak my mind freely," says he, "I believe that the Messiah was there actually present."—See WHISTON, *of the Mosaic Creation*.

As the ripe flavour of Falernian tides
 Not in the wine, but in our taste resides;
 So when, with heartfelt tribute, we declare
 That Marco's honest and that Susan's fair,
 'Tis in our minds, and not in Susan's eyes
 Or Marco's life, the worth or beauty lies:
 For she, in flat-nosed China, would appear
 As plain a thing as Lady Anne is here;
 And one light joke at rich Loretto's dome
 Would rank good Marco with the damn'd at Rome.

There's no deformity so vile, so base,
 That 'tis not somewhere thought a charm, a grace;
 No foul reproach, that may not steal a beam
 From other suns, to bleach it to esteem! *

* Boetius employs this argument of the Sceptics, among his consolatory reflexions upon the emptiness of fame. "*Quid quod diversarum gentium mores inter se atque instituta discordant, ut quod apud alios laude, apud alios supplicio dignum judicetur?*" —Lib. ii. prosa 7. Many amusing instances of diversity, in the tastes, manners, and morals of different nations, may be found throughout the works of that interesting Sceptic Le Mothe le Vayer.—See his *Opuscule Sceptique*, his treatise "*de la Secte Sceptique*," and, above all, those Dialogues, not to be found in his works, which he published under the name of Horatius Tubero.—The chief objection to these writings of Le Vayer (and it is a blemish which, I think, may be felt in

Ask, who is wise?—you'll find the self-same man
 A sage in France, a madman in Japan ;
 And *here* some head beneath a mitre swells,
 Which *there* had tingled to a cap and bells :
 Nay, there may yet some monstrous region be,
 Unknown to Cook, and from Napoleon free,
 Where C—stl—r—gh would for a patriot pass,
 And mouthing M—lgr—ve scarce be deem'd an ass !

“ List not to reason ” (Epicurus cries),
 “ But trust the senses, *there* conviction lies : ” — *

the *Esprit des Loix*), is the suspicious obscurity of the sources from which he frequently draws his instances, and the indiscriminate use which he makes of the lowest populace of the library, those lying travellers and wonder-mongers, of whom Shaftesbury complains, in his *Advice to an Author*, as having tended in his own time to the diffusion of a very vicious sort of scepticism. Vol. i. p. 352. The Pyrrhonism of Le Vayer, however, is of the most innocent and playful kind ; and Villemandy, the author of *Scepticismus Debellatus*, exempts him specially in the declaration of war which he denounces against the other armed neutrals of the sect, in consideration of the orthodox limits within which he has confined his incredulity.

* This was also the creed of those modern Epicureans, whom Ninon de l'Enclos collected around her in the Rue des Tournelles, and whose object seems to have been to decry the faculty of reason, as tending only to embarrass our use of pleasures, without enabling us, in any degree, to avoid their abuse. Madame des Houlières, the fair pupil of Des Barreaux in the

Alas! *they* judge not by a purer light,
 Nor keep their fountains more untinged and bright:
 Habit so mars them, that the Russian swain
 Will sigh for train-oil, while he sips Champaigne;
 And health so rules them, that a fever's heat
 Would make even Sh—r—d—n think water sweet!

Just as the mind the erring sense * believes,
 The erring mind, in turn, the sense deceives,

arts of poetry and voluptuousness, has devoted most of her verses to this laudable purpose, and is such a determined foe to reason, that, in one of her pastorals, she congratulates her sheep on the want of it. St. Evremont speaks thus upon the subject:

“ Un mélange incertain d’esprit et de matière
 Nous fait vivre avec trop ou trop peu de lumière.

 Nature, élève-nous à la clarté des anges,
 Ou nous abaisse au sens des simples animaux.”

Which sentiments I have thus ventured to paraphrase:

Had man been made, at nature's birth,
 Of only flame or only earth,
 Had he been form'd a perfect whole
 Of purely *that*, or grossly *this*,
 Then sense would ne'er have clouded soul,
 Nor soul restrain'd the sense's bliss.
 Oh happy! had his light been strong,
 Or had he never shared a light,
 Which burns enough to show he's wrong,
 Yet not enough to lead him right!

* See those verses upon the fallaciousness of the senses, be-

And cold disgust can find but wrinkles there,
 Where passion fancies all that's smooth and fair.
 ****, who sees, upon his pillow laid,
 A face for which ten thousand pounds were paid,
 Can tell, how quick before a jury flies
 The spell that mock'd the warm seducer's eyes!

Self is the medium least refined of all
 Through which opinion's searching beam can fall;
 And, passing there, the clearest, steadiest ray
 Will tinge its light and turn its line astray.

ginning "Fallunt nos oculi," cte. among the fragments of Petronius. The most sceptical of the ancient poets was Euripides, and I defy the whole school of Pyrrho to produce a more ingenious doubt than the following:

Τίς δ' οἶδεν εἰ ζῇν τῶν ὁ κεκληταὶ θάψιν
 Το ζῇν δὲ θνήσκουσιν εἶσι.—See Laert. in Pyrrh.

Socrates and Plato were the grand sources of ancient scepticism. Cicero tells us (*de Orator. lib. iii.*), that they supplied Arcesilas with the doctrines of the Middle Academy; and how much these resembled the tenets of the Sceptics, may be seen even in Sextus Empiricus (*lib. i. cap. 33*), who, with all his distinctions, can scarcely prove any difference. One is sorry to find that Epicurus was a dogmatist; and I rather think his natural temper would have led him to the repose of scepticism, if the Stoics, by their violent opposition, had not forced him to be as obstinate as themselves. Indeed Plutarch, in reporting some of his opinions, represents him as delivering them with considerable hesitation. *Επικουρος οὐδὲν*

Th' Ephesian smith a holier charin espied
 In Dian's toe, than all his heaven beside ; *
 And true religion shines not half so true
 On *one* good living as it shines on *two*.
 Had W—lc—t first been pension'd by the Throne,
 Kings would have suffer'd by his praise alone ;
 And P—ine perhaps, for something snug per ann.,
 Had laugh'd, like W—ll—sly, at all Rights of Man !

But 'tis not only individual minds
 That habit tinctures, or that interest blinds ;

ἀπογινώσκει τούτων, ἰχόμενος τοῦ ἐνδὶχόμενου. De Placit. Philosoph. lib. ii. cap. 13. See also the 21st and 22d chapters. But that the leading characteristics of the sect were self-sufficiency and dogmatism, appears from what Cicero says of Velleius, De Natur. Deor.—“ Tum Velleius, fidentur sanè, ut solent isti, nihil tam verens quam ne dubitare aliquâ de re videretur.”

* See Acts, chap. xix. ; where every line reminds one of those reverend craftsmen who are so ready to cry out “The church is in danger !”

“ For a certain man named Demetrius, a silversmith, which made silver shrines for Diana, brought no small gain unto the craftsmen :

“ Whom he called together, with the workmen of like occupation, and said, Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth :

“ So that not only this our craft is likely to be set at nought, but also that the temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised,” etc. etc.

Whole nations, fool'd by falsehood, fear, or pride,
Their ostrich-heads in self-illusion hide :
Thus England, hot from Denmark's smoking meads,
Turns up her eyes at Gallia's guilty deeds ;
Thus, selfish still, the same dishonouring chain
She binds in Ireland, she would break in Spain ;
While praised at distance, but at home forbid,
Rebels in Cork are patriots at Madrid !
Oh ! trust me, Self can cloud the brightest cause,
Or gild the worst ;—and then, for nations' laws !
Go, good civilian, shut thy useless book,
In force alone for laws of nations look.
Let shipless Danes and whining Yankees dwell
On naval rights, with Grotius and Vattel,
While C—bb—t's * pirate code alone appears
Sound moral sense to England and Algiers !

* With most of this writer's latter politics I confess I feel a most hearty concurrence, and perhaps, if I were an Englishman, my pride might lead me to acquiesce in that system of lawless, unlimited sovereignty, which he claims so boldly for his country at sea ; but, viewing the question somewhat more disinterestedly, and as a friend to the common rights of mankind, I cannot help thinking that the doctrines which he maintained upon the Copenhagen expedition and the differences with America, would establish a species of maritime tyranny, as discreditable to the character of England, as it would be galling and unjust to the other nations of the world.

Woe to the Sceptic, in these party days,
 Who burns on neither shrine the balm of praise!
 For him no pension pours its annual fruits,
 No fertile sinecure spontaneous shoots;
 Not *his* the meed that crown'd Don H—kh—m's
 rhyme, .

Nor sees he e'er, in dreams of future time,
 Those shadowy forms of sleek reversions rise,
 So dear to Scotchmen's second-sighted eyes!
 Yet who, that looks to time's accusing leaf,
 Where Whig and Tory, thief opposed to thief,
 On either side in lofty shame are seen,*
 While Freedom's form hangs crucified between—
 Who, B—rd—tt, who such rival rogues can see,
 But flies from *both* to honesty and thee?

If, giddy with the world's bewildering maze,†
 Hopeless of finding, through its weedy ways,

* This I have borrowed from RALPH—*Use and Abuse of Parliaments*, p. 164.

† The agitation of the ship is one of the chief difficulties which impede the discovery of the longitude at sea; and the tumult and hurry of life are equally unfavourable to that calm level of mind which is necessary to an inquirer after truth.

In the mean time, our modest Sceptic, in the absence of truth, contents himself with probabilities, resembling in this respect those suitors of Penelope, who, when they found that

One flower of truth, the busy crowd we shun,
 And to the shades of tranquil learning run,
 How many a doubt pursues! * how oft we sigh,
 When histories charm, to think that histories lie!
 That all are grave romances, at the best,
 And M—sgr—ve's† but more clumsy than the rest!
 By Tory Hume's seductive page beguiled,
 We fancy Charles was just and Strafford mild; §
 And Fox himself, with party pencil, draws
 Monmouth a hero, "for the good old cause!" **

they could not possess the mistress herself, very wisely resolved to put up with her maids; *τη Πηνελόπη πλησιάζειν μη δυναμένοι, ταῖς ταύτης μιμίγυντο Στραπαῖναις.*—Plutarch *Περὶ Παιδαν Ἀγωγῆς.*

* See a curious work, entitled "Reflections upon Learning," written on the plan of Agrippa's "De Vanitate Scientiarum," but much more honestly and skilfully executed.

† This historian of the Irish rebellions has outrun even his predecessor in the same task, Sir John Temple, for whose character with respect to veracity the reader may consult Carte's Collection of Ormond's Original Papers, p. 207. See also Dr. Nalson's account of him, in the Introduction to the second volume of his Historic. Collect.

§ He defends Strafford's conduct as "innocent and even laudable." In the same spirit, speaking of the arbitrary sentences of the Star Chamber, he says—"The severity of the Star Chamber, which was generally ascribed to Laud's passionate disposition, was perhaps, in itself, somewhat blameable." See TOWERS upon Hume.

** That flexibility of temper and opinion, which the habits of scepticism are so calculated to produce, are thus pleaded

Then, rights are wrongs, and victories are defeats,

As French or English pride the tale repeats ;

And, when they tell Corunna's story o'er,

They'll disagree in all, but honouring Moore !

Nay, future pens, to flatter future courts,

May cite perhaps the Park-guns' gay reports,

for by Mr. Fox, in the very sketch of Monmouth to which I allude ; and this part of the picture the historian may be thought to have drawn from himself. " One of the most conspicuous features in his character seems to have been a remarkable, and, as some think, a culpable degree of flexibility. That such a disposition is preferable to its opposite extreme will be admitted by all, who think that modesty, even in excess, is more nearly allied to wisdom than conceit and self-sufficiency. He who has attentively considered the political, or indeed the general concerns of life, may possibly go still further, and may rank a willingness to be convinced, or, in some cases, even without conviction, to concede our own opinion to that of other men, among the principal ingredients in the composition of practical wisdom."—The Sceptic's readiness of concession, however, arises more from uncertainty than conviction, more from a suspicion that his own opinion may be wrong, than from any persuasion that the opinion of his adversary is right. " It may be so," was the courteous and sceptical formula, with which the Dutch were accustomed to reply to the statements of ambassadors. See LLOYD'S *State Worthies*, art. Sir Thomas Wiat.

To the historical fragment of Mr. Fox, we may apply what Pliny says of the last, unfinished works of celebrated artists—" In lenocinio commendationis dolor est manus, cum id ageret, extinctæ."* Lib. xxxv. cap. 2.

To prove that England triumph'd on the morn
Which found her Junot's jest and Europe's scorn!

In science too—how many a system, raised
Like Neva's icy domes, awhile hath blazed
With lights of fancy and with forms of pride,
Then, melting, mingled with the oblivious tide!
Now Earth usurps the centre of the sky,
Now Newton puts the paltry planet by;
Now whims revive beneath Descartes's * pen,
Which *now*, assail'd by Locke's, expire again:
And when, perhaps, in pride of chemic powers,
We think the keys of Nature's kingdom ours,
Some Davy's magic touch the dream unsettles,
And turns at once our alkalis to metals!

* Descartes, who is considered as the parent of modern scepticism, says, that there is nothing in the whole range of philosophy which does not admit of two opposite opinions, and which is not involved in doubt and uncertainty. "In Philosophia nihil adhuc reperiri, de quo non in utramque partem disputatur, hoc est, quod non sit incertum et dubium." Gassendi is another of our modern Sceptics, and Wedderkopff, in his Dissertation "De Scepticismo profano et sacro" (Argentorat. 1666), has denounced Erasmus as a follower of Pyrrho, for his opinions upon the Trinity, and some other subjects. To these if we add the names of Bayle, Mallebranche, Dryden, Locke, etc. etc. I think there is no one, who need be ashamed of doubting in such company.

Or, should we roam, in metaphysic maze,
Through fair-built theories of former days,
Some Dr—mm—d * from the north, more ably
skill'd,

Like other Goths, to ruin than to build,
Trample triumphant through our fanes o'erthrown,
Nor leaves one grace, one glory of his own!

Oh Learning! Learning! whatsoe'er thy boast,
Unletter'd minds have taught and charm'd us most :
The rude, unread Columbus was our guide
To worlds, which learn'd Lactantius had denied,
And one wild Shakespeare, following Nature's slights,
Is worth whole planets, fill'd with Stagirites!

See grave Theology, when once she strays
From Revelation's path, what tricks she plays!
How many various heavens hath Fancy's wing
Explored or touch'd from Papias† down to King! §

* See this gentleman's Academic Questions.

† Papias lived about the time of the Apostles, and is supposed to have given birth to the heresy of the Chiliastæ, whose heaven was by no means of a spiritual nature, but rather an anticipation of the Prophet of Hera's elysium. See Eusebius Hist. Ecclesiast. lib. iii. cap. 33, and Hieronym. de Scriptor. Ecclesiast.—though, from all that I can find in these authors concerning Papias, it seems hardly fair to impute to him those

And hell itself, in India nought but smoke, *
In Spain's a furnace, and in France—a joke.

Hail, modest ignorance! thou goal and prize,
Thou last, best knowledge of the humbly wise!
Hail, sceptic ease! when error's waves are past,
How sweet to reach thy tranquil port † at last,
And, gently rock'd in undulating doubt,
Smile at the sturdy winds which war without!
There gentle Charity, who knows how frail
The bark of Virtue, even in summer's gale,
Sits by the nightly fire, whose beacon glows
For all who wander, whether friends or foes!
There Faith retires, and keeps her white sail furl'd,
Till call'd to spread it for a purer world;

gross imaginations in which the believers of the sensual millennium indulged.

§ King, in his *Morsels of Criticism*, vol. i. supposes the sun to be the receptacle of blessed spirits.

* The Indians call hell "the House of Smoke." See Picart upon the Religion of the Banians. The reader who is curious about infernal matters, may be edified by consulting *Rusca de Inferno*, particularly lib. ii. cap. 7, 8, where he will find the precise sort of fire ascertained in which wicked spirits are to be burned hereafter.

† "Chère Sceptique, douce pâture de mon ame, et l'unique port de salut à un esprit qui aime le repos!" *LA MOTHE LE VAYER*.

While Patience lingers o'er the weedy shore,
And, mutely waiting till the storm be o'er,
Turns to young Hope, who still directs his eye
To some blue spot, just breaking in the sky!

These are the mild, the blest associates given
To him who doubts, and trusts in nought but
Heaven!

A
L E T T E R
TO THE
ROMAN CATHOLICS OF DUBLIN.

ΑΚΕΛΕΥΣΤΟΣ
ΑΜΙΣΘΟΣ.....

ÆSCHYL. AGAMEMNON.



A

LETTER.

THOUGH the late Resolutions of your Committee, in Dublin, * seem intended to be final upon the subject of the Veto, let us hope that a question so vitally connected with the freedom, peace, and stability of the Empire, may not be dismissed with such hasty and absolute decision. The discussion has hitherto been carried on with a degree of warmth and passion, which, however creditable to the feelings of those engaged in it, has certainly tended but little to the improvement of their reasoning powers. Indeed, it is but an abuse of language, to dignify with the name of discussion, either the proceedings or the writings to which the question has hitherto given rise. Those orators and authors who live but by flattering your prejudices, having found that you look to but one

* March 2, 1810.

point of the compass for argument, have set in from that quarter with a regular trade-wind of declamation, which neither your Bishops, your friends, nor common sense, have been able to withstand. In this state of the question, it requires no ordinary share of indifference to the taunts and suspicions of the illiberal, the misinterpretations of the ignorant, and the cold-blooded rancour of the bigoted, to stand forth as the advocate of this required concession, and to urge it as the sole, the necessary sacrifice, by which you are to deserve the liberties which you demand. Inadequate as I am to this undertaking, and entering the lists, like David, in armour "which I have not proved," I am yet conscious of bringing an honesty of feeling to the task, a zeal for my country's honour, and an ardent wish for her liberties, which entitle me to attention at least, though they should fail in producing conviction.

The first point which naturally comes under consideration, in a subject where the interests of Religion are concerned, is the conduct of your Bishops; and here, at the outset, we meet with that insurmountable fact (which your lay-theologians would

so willingly throw into the shade), that, in the year 1799, four metropolitans and six prelates professed themselves willing, as the price of Catholic emancipation, to concede to the Government a control upon the appointment of your Bishops, and signed a formal document to that effect. This stipulated basis of negotiation, so solemnly agreed to by ten of your spiritual magistrates, has been since retracted; and the defence resorted to by those who think it necessary to apologize for the conduct of these Prelates, and explain away the awkwardness of the retraction, wears so strongly the features of jesuitical evasion, that I blush for its parents and adopters. "It was a moment of panic," they tell us, "in which these venerable men were surprised; and no stipulation, extorted in such circumstances, could possibly be meant or considered as binding." Observe, however, the dilemma in which this document of 1799 has involved the opposers of the Veto. If the Bishops were right in making this concession—if, acquainted, as they must be intimately, with the essentials of your faith and the interests of your hierarchy, they yet saw nothing in the proposed pledge which

was likely to violate or endanger either—then the principal argument against the Veto must, of course, fall pointless to the ground. But if, on the contrary, they were false to their trust—if, believing (as their lay masters would have them believe) that the measure was deeply injurious to the Church, so large a portion of your dignified clergy were driven by fear, or seduced by emolument, to sign what they considered the death-warrant of their faith—then, I ask, would not your rulers be justified in suspecting the integrity of these men, and in asking for some guard against the appointment of persons so ineligible, in the event of your becoming co-partners in the Constitution? Could they, who had failed in faith, be expected to prove steady in politics? or would not the same hands which had surrendered your Church to the Government, in like manner surrender that Government to the enemy? Such is the alternative to which we are forced, by those violent charges and insidious vindications with which the members of your episcopacy have been assailed: the less upright and trust-worthy they make your Bishops appear, the more fully do they justify the Government in de-

manding some security against the appointment of such persons in future.

But the characters of these venerable men are a sufficient answer to so gross an imputation. It is worse than insult to suspect, that, if they had perceived in the measure any one of those ruinous results so boldly and fancifully predicted by your orators, they could have lapsed, for a moment, through motives of fear or ambition, into such an act of spiritual treason, such a recreant abandonment of their ministry. It is quite impossible; and we are therefore warranted in considering those anti-catholic terrors in which the Veto is arrayed, as the dreams of ignorant, though perhaps well-meaning alarmists, who, if they could be prevailed upon to adopt the philosophy of Panurge, and “fear nothing but danger,” would be much more respectable in their panic, and might be somewhat more easily relieved from it.

The second occasion which called forth the sentiments of your Bishops, was the clamour excited in the year 1808, when your parliamentary friends, upon the authority of this document and the corroborating information of Dr. Milner, declared

that, in the event of your full emancipation, a negative control upon the nomination of your Bishops would be vested, as a pledge of security, in the Crown. The effect which this proposal produced, upon the Parliament and people of England, must be remembered with a mixture of pleasure and regret, for the brightness of its promise and the shortness of its duration. The hopes of your friends were kindled into confidence; the fears of the timid, and the doubts of the conscientious, were allayed and satisfied by this liberal compromise; and the champions of intolerance saw, with dismay, the last dark barrier of exclusion disappearing. But transient indeed was this lucid interval. In the very act of curing the folly of your adversaries, you were suddenly seized with the infection yourselves; and the senseless cry of "The church is in danger," was just dying away upon the lips of Protestants, when it was caught up by Catholics, and echoed with emulous vociferation.

The laity were the first to give the alarm; the proposed concession was denounced as an act of apostacy; and your friends, not less than your

enemies, were charged with a design to overturn the Catholic religion in Ireland: Dr. Milner was degraded from an apostle into a hireling, and your Bishops were called upon, with the most indecorous menaces, to disavow the conciliatory spirit which he had imputed to them. And here, let me ask, can any one suppose for an instant, that Dr. Milner, the acknowledged agent of your hierarchy (with whose sentiments, upon every bearing of the question, he must have made himself intimately conversant)—is it rational to think that he would have ventured even to hint at an arrangement, which he considered, in the least degree, unwelcome to the feelings and principles of his constituents? It is not to be imagined; and, though I am but little inclined to argue from Dr. Milner's consistency, being of opinion that there is, in this right reverend scholar, a certain irresponsible unsteadiness of judgment, which not even his studies of Cabbasutius and Thomasinus * have

* Two favourite authors of Dr. Milner. I confess I am ungrateful enough to wish, that, before Dr. Milner did us the honour of visiting Ireland, he had consulted his friend Cabbasutius for some of those canons which so wisely forbid ecclesiastics *to travel*. He will find something to this purpose in

been heavy enough to ballast sufficiently, it is impossible, I think, not to see, in his conduct upon this occasion, a conclusive proof that the great body of your Prelates was by no means averse from the concession of a negative to the Crown.

The alarm, however, was gone abroad—a rash and unreasoning laity were taught to see perils and mischiefs in the measure, which had escaped the eyes of those most interested and best informed upon the subject. The decisions of the ignorant are always violent, in proportion to their erroneousness; “*furiosa res est in tenebris impetus* ;” not a whisper of argument was heard; not a single link of the drag-chain of reason was suffered to retard the down-hill precipitancy of passion, nor could the tried and active fidelity of years protect your friends from the ungenerous charge of having prevaricated with your interests and conspired against your faith. In

page 591 of the *Notitia Ecclesiastica*, and also amongst the Canons of the Concilium Budense, the 64th of which complains that it was the practice of clergymen “*tam turpiter quam damnabiliter per terram sæpius evagari*.”—CABBASUT. *Not. Ecclesiast.* page 476.

the midst of this ferment, a general meeting of your Prelates was assembled, and I question much if they did not perceive, in the insolent tone with which the laity dictated to them, more danger to the peace and unity of your church, than centuries of Government interference could threaten. Let us see, however, the result of this synod. Did they retract or condemn the *principle* of their former concession? Did they, in any way, authorize those alarms for the safety of your religion which had been so industriously circulated among the laity? Did they intimate, even in the remotest manner, that this proposed price of your complete disenthralment was incompatible with their doctrine, discipline, or principles? By no means. They merely passed a resolution (in which they were perhaps justified by the ferment of the public mind at the moment), that it was inexpedient to alter the existing mode of nomination—not dangerous, observe, nor heterodox, nor anti-catholic, nor any of those *sambenito* * epithets, in which your orators still clothe

* The name of the garment worn by those who were condemned by the Inquisition; “more properly (says Townsend) *saco bendito*.”

the measure, but simply *inexpedient*; and, as if not content with this virtual admission of the perfect compatibility of a Veto with the Catholic faith and discipline, they voted the thanks of the synod to Dr. Milner; to that very Dr. Milner, who had just answered for their friendliness to the measure, and whose representation of their sentiments respecting it they had been so menacingly called upon by the laity to disavow. Such, after all, was the extent of the palinode which your clamours extorted from the Bishops in 1808. They acknowledged the representative services of Dr. Milner, thus sanctioning the principle of that concession which he had offered in their names, and, instead of entrenching themselves behind any of those pertinacious objections by which some persons would willingly shut out conciliation for ever, they merely took shelter (and rather from their flocks than their rulers) behind the light and surmountable fence of inexpediency—an obstacle, which, as it was raised in deference to the infatuation of the laity, awaits but the return of their good sense to show its untenable futility.

I am not aware that I have assumed too much, in the dispositions which I here attribute to your Prelates, throughout the entire discussion of the Veto; and yet *this* is the measure, thus virtually approved by them, thus formally conceded at first, and at last rather reserved than retracted, which the wrong-headed politicians amongst you, in contempt of their spiritual guides, have branded as impious, deadly, and apostatical: *this* is the condition of your liberties, for his luminous enforcement of which Lord Grenville is now grossly and ungratefully calumniated, as a sophisticator of your cause, and a conspirator against your religion: and *this* is the pledge, to whose pretended inexpediency the bigoted and the factious would not hesitate to sacrifice the freedom of Ireland, and the harmony of the whole Empire, more wicked in their folly than that people of antiquity, * who set a fly upon an altar, and sacrificed an ox to it!

In addition to the implied acquiescence of your Prelates (implied, I think, satisfactorily, from

* Mentioned by Ælian, and alluded to by Addison in his *Freeholder*.

the foregoing review of their conduct), when we know that the vicars-apostolical of England have all, with the exception of the *consistent* Dr. Milner, expressed themselves favourable to the proposed arrangement, we cannot but feel indignant at the audacity of those lay pamphleteers, who still officiously interfere with the jurisdiction of your hierarchy, and persist in arraigning, as ruinous and impious, a measure which its spiritual judges have acquitted of all but inexpediency. At the same time, it must be confessed, that the disposition which the laity have shown, in encroaching upon the province of their clergy in this question, and presuming to know their duties much better than themselves, is, in common life, but too frequently the characteristic of our countrymen, who would, most of them, much rather let their own affairs run to ruin, than incur the least suspicion of being ignorant of those of their neighbours. To this disinterested activity, this supererogating spirit (so worthy of an "*insula sanctorum*" like ours), we are indebted, I doubt not, for much of that solicitude which your laity insist upon feeling for the honour and safety of

the hierarchy. There are many, however, whose opposition to the measure is founded upon deeper, and less innocent motives. Queen Elizabeth, as we are told by Secretary Walsingham, distinguished Papists in conscience from Papists in faction; and, however little she may deserve, in general, to be cited as a precedent in such cases, I believe we shall but do justice to the opposers of the Veto, if we divide them into the same two classes. To the Anti-Vetoists *in conscience*, therefore—to those whose apprehensions, however groundless, are at least sincere, and many of whom, without examining the subject themselves, have merely taken up those ready-made terrors, of which your orators keep such a constant supply—I shall, with deference, submit a few considerations, which may soften, if they do not remove, those objections which have been considered so formidable; and, as arguments on this side of the question are strangers to your ears, I cannot doubt that your ears will receive them hospitably.

With respect to the supremacy of the Pope, it has not, I believe, been asserted, even by those who possess most facility of assertion, that his inter-

ference in the nomination of Bishops, any farther than the form of recognition, or his exercise of an appellatory jurisdiction upon matters relating to discipline, are, in any degree, necessary to the existence or purity of a Catholic hierarchy. Indeed, the example of the Gallican church, * so long free and so long illustrious, sufficiently proves the full compatibility of liberty with reverence, of independence with orthodoxy. From the conflict which her enlightened divines maintained against the pretensions of Rome, your religion rose purer and firmer than it had stood for many ages before; and those slavish notions of papal authority, which had been taken up in times of darkness, and clung to during the storm of the Reformation, † were

* "Why a man may not be a Romanist without being a Papist, in Ireland as well as in France, I can see no reason. We know that the Gallican Church has long been emancipated from the thralldom of the Roman Pontiff."—CAMPBELL'S *Survey of the South of Ireland*, in 1775.

† The advances which the Church and Court of Rome were making towards purity of doctrine and practice, when they were checked by the turbulent burst of the Reformation, are strongly acknowledged by Hume, in the following curious passage, which (according to Towers) is to be found only in the first edition of his History, printed at Edinburgh in 1754. "It has been observed, that, upon the revival of letters, very generous and enlarged sentiments of religion prevailed through-

cast off as insulting alike to piety and common sense. The deposing power of the Pope, his personal infallibility, and all those absurd attributes,* which degraded the Church much more than they elevated the Pontiff, were then indignantly rejected from your belief, and consigned to that con-

out all Italy, and that, during the reign of Leo, the Court of Rome itself, in imitation of their illustrious Prince, had not been wanting in a just sense of freedom. But, when the enraged and fanatical reformers took arms against the papal hierarchy, and threatened to rend from the Church at once all her riches and authority, no wonder she was animated with equal zeal and ardour in defence of such ancient and valuable possessions."

It is remarkable, that a similar spirit of political improvement had been manifested by some of the governments of Europe, when the French Revolution frightened them back into all their ruinous old errors.

In corroboration of the foregoing passage from Hume, I beg to refer the reader to Whitaker's Vindication of Mary Queen of Scots (vol. iii. pp. 2, 50), where he will find the same effects imputed to the intemperance of the Reformers, and an honourable tribute to the Catholics of that period, upon the subject of *forgery*, "which (says he), I blush for the honour of Protestantism while I write it, seems to have been peculiar to the reformed."—Page 2.

* It was an assertion of Innocent III. "that the Pope is as much greater than the Emperor as the sun is greater than the moon;" which modest pretension became, afterwards, a part of the common law, and set a wise Glossator upon the following interesting calculation—"Cum terra sit septies major lunâ, sol autem octies major terrâ, restat ergo ut pontificalis dignitas quadragesies septies sit major regali."

temptuous oblivion, from which even the malicious industry of your enemies has been unable to call them up in judgment against you. To Lau-
noi, one of the ablest advocates of the Gallican church, your religion owes her release from much of that legendary superstition,* which sat, like a night-mare, upon her bosom, and filled her dreams with monsters: and in the works of the able Chan-
cellor Gerson we find, mingled with his vindica-
tion of the rights of the Church,† some of those pure principles of political freedom,§ which his country afterwards so grandly, though intempe-
rately asserted, and which, however their animation may be suspended at present by the strong grasp

* See, among others, his Treatise "*De Commentitio Lazari et Maximini et Marthæ in Provinciam Appulsu*;" in reading which, and similar works of this author, we regret to think that it should ever have been necessary to exert courage and ingenuity in the refutation of such puerile absurdities.

† In some of his ideas about the right of resistance to Popes, he was thought, indeed, at that time, to have ventured too far; as in the passage, "*Casus multi esse possunt, in quibus aliquis se gerens pro Papâ, et pro tali habitus ab Ecclesiâ, poterit a subdito licitè vel occidi, vel incarcerari,*" etc. etc. Tom. secund. in *Regulis Moralibus*, tit. *De Præceptis Decalogi*.

§ In the famous passage (*Adversus Adulatores*, considerat. 7.) which King James quotes, with such horror, in his "*De-
fence of the Rights of Kings*," against Cardinal Perron.

of military power, have too much vitality, I think, to expire altogether beneath the pressure : like those tables of science, which Shem is said to have taken with him into the ark, they are preserved, I trust, to enlighten mankind, when the present deluge of despotism shall have “ abated from off the earth.”

While the religion of England was Catholic, the same guards against papal encroachment were adopted under her wisest sovereigns ; and it was in the reign of Edward III. that patriotic monarch who first spiritedly filled up the rude outline of the British Constitution, that the statutes of *Præmunire* and *Provisors* were enacted, for the utter exclusion of the Pope from all matters of ecclesiastical discipline.—Can Catholics then wonder that Protestants should be unwilling to endanger their establishments by the least infusion of an influence, which Catholics themselves have so invariably pronounced to be mischievous ? Nay, though Protestants should be inclined to try the experiment, would not Catholics blush to re-enter the temple of the Constitution, which their own hands first built, and from which they

• •

have been so long excluded, with that badge of ecclesiastical servitude about their necks, which, in laying the foundations of the fane, they declared to be unworthy of its precincts? Could they bear to resemble those children of the Jews, * who took back into Israel the language they had learned in bondage, and thus mix the Ashdod, the jargon of slavery, with their own old, native dialect of liberty? The Catholics of England seem to feel upon the subject as they ought; and, by the readiness which they have shown to exchange the rescripts and bulls of Rome † for the blessings of a free Constitution, they prove themselves worthy descendants of those founders of British liberty, who, with all their reverence for the spiritual authority of the Pope, thought freedom too delicate a treasure to be exposed unne-

* "And their children spoke half in the speech of Ashdod, and could not speak the Jews' language, but according to the language of each people."—*Nehemiah*, xiii. 23, 24.

† I do not, of course, mean that these instruments should be altogether excluded, as there may occur some questions of internal discipline upon which a reference to the Sec of Rome would be necessary. But even this degree of intercourse should be subjected to some such regulations as Sir John Cox Hippisley has proposed in his pamphlet.

cessarily to his influence, and, accordingly, sheltered it round with Provisors and Præmunire, like that fenced-in pillar at Delphi,* which not even priests might touch.

But neither by France nor by Catholic England was the interference of Rome more effectually excluded, than by Ireland herself, during the times of her native monarchy. However far the learned Usher may have carried his hypothesis with respect to the religion of the early Irish, the testimonies which he cites abundantly prove, that, to as late a period as the twelfth century, the Pope had not exercised a legatine authority in Ireland, nor taken any share in the election of her Bishops or Archbishops; and how little inclined your ancestors of those days were to abide by a papal decision, even in matters of canonical regulation, appears by their obstinate dissent from the Romish observance of Easter—a schism, in which they were encouraged by some of your most celebrated Saints, whose anti-canonical bold-

* Erected on the spot which they called the *ομφαλος γαίας*. Pausan. Phocic. c. 16.—See MUSGRAVE upon the *Ion of Euripides*.

ness is, however, sufficiently justified by their canonization.

When declaimers, therefore, appeal to your passions upon the danger of disturbing a hierarchy which is "the only undestroyed monument of your ancient grandeur," you should remember, that, at the period to which alone they can refer, in this illusive retrospect to former greatness, your hierarchy was quite as independent of Rome as the advocates of your liberties would wish to make it now ;* and that this papal interference, which some persons consider so essential, and to which you are the only people in the world subjected at present, far from being a relic of

* At one period, they seem to have elected their Bishops according to the mode which was practised at Alexandria, as early as the time of Saint Mark the Evangelist—a model which, I think, would satisfy any one but Cabbasutius. "Alexandriæ a Marco Evangelista usque ad Heraclium et Dionysium Episcopos, Presbyteri semper unum ex se electum in excelsiori gradu collocatum Episcopum nominabant."—*HIERONYM. Epist. ad Evagr.*

In the tenth century, as Campion informs us, the Monarch of Ireland was allowed the exercise of a Veto. "To the Monarch, besides his allowance of ground and titles of honours, and other privileges in jurisdiction, was granted a negative on the nomination of Bishops at every vacation." Book i. c. 15.

grandeur or glory, is but the base remnant of that anomalous proscription which so long made you aliens in your own land, and which drove you to seek, in a spiritual alliance abroad, some shelter from the storm of a temporal tyranny at home.

It was not till the Reformation had added religious schism to the differences already existing between these countries, that Ireland was effectually thrown into the arms of Rome; and from that period down to the accession of his present Majesty, the events of every succeeding reign have served but to draw the tie more closely. Indeed, nothing could be more natural, than that the members of a persecuted religion should turn for support, for counsel and consolation, to the visible head of that faith for which they were suffering—that they should find some relief to their wounded pride, in the patronage of a prince who had long been formidable, and whose throne seemed to stand upon the line which separates this world from the next, illuminated strongly by the glories of both—that, possessing no political rights which foreign interference could injure, they should unreservedly abandon their

church to his guidance, and find a charm in this voluntary obedience to him, which consoled them for their extorted submission to others. All these feelings were as natural and just, as the causes that produced them were monstrous and iniquitous. But those causes exist no longer ; a tyranny, which disgraced alike the inflictors and the sufferers, has gradually given way before the light of liberality and conviction, and its last, slow, lingering vestige is about, I trust, to vanish for ever ; but, surely, it is worse than absurdity to expect, that the precautions and prejudices, adopted upon both sides, during that dark season of mutual ill-will, should now be surrendered by *one* of the parties, while they are cautiously kept in full force by the *other*, and that Protestants should throw away the last fragment of the penal sword, while the Papal stiletto is still in the hands of Catholics : —it is folly to expect, and insult to ask it !—The subjection of your church to the Pope was the consequence of your political misfortunes ; and, even granting that the continuance of this yoke is consistent with the freedom which you ask for (a position which you yourselves have, in all times

and countries, denied), yet, by unnecessarily preserving such a memorial of your former alienation, you perpetuate the remembrance of times which it is the interest of all parties to forget—you withhold that reciprocity of sacrifice, which alone makes reconciliation satisfactory; and you take all its grace from the gift of liberty, by ungenerously declaring that you distrust the giver. In short, it shows an ignorance of the commonest feelings of human nature, to suppose that the present possessors of the state would willingly admit you to a share upon such very unequal terms, or that, as long as you cling close to the Court of Rome, you can be cordially embraced by the British Constitution.

Again, therefore, I appeal to that love of liberty, which is native to you as Irishmen, and avowed by you as Catholics,* and I ask whether

* Among many examples which might be adduced to prove that a warm zeal for the Roman Catholic religion is consistent with the best feelings and principles of political liberty, we may mention the very interesting instance of the Dalecarlians, who, though they chiefly assisted Gustavus to shake off the tyranny of the Danes, were among the first to oppose his reformation of their ancient religion.—See *SHERIDAN'S Revolution of Sweden*, page 110, where we may trace

you can think, without shame and indignation, that, for a long period, you have been the only people in Europe (with the exception of a few petty States in the neighbourhood of the Pope) who have sunk so low in ecclesiastical vassalage, as to place their whole hierarchy at the disposal of the Roman Court? Can you patiently reflect, that the humiliating doctrine of Caietan, “*servam esse ecclesiam*,” which the divines of France so boldly and successfully combated, * has been admitted and acted upon in Ireland alone? and that the title, under which Pope Adrian affected to transfer this kingdom to Henry II., † though

a strong similarity to the Irish character, through the description which he gives of the turbulent, but generous nature of these hardy mountaineers.

* See particularly LAUNOI's *Letters*.

† This title might be sent after the famous deed of gift from Constantine to Pope Silvester, which Ariosto tells us is to be found in the moon.

*Questo era il dono (se però dir lice)
Che Constantino al buon Silvestro fece.*

I am aware, that to certain lay controversialists, I shall not appear quite orthodox in quoting Ariosto, whom their great annalist, Baronius, has styled “*vulgaris poeta ille*,” in his indignation against the bard, for having borrowed from the Legends his curious story of Isabella and the Moor.—See LA CERDA, upon the 7th book of the *Æneid*.—“*Ita scilicet patet secta plagiarorum*,” etc.

treated by your ancestors with the contempt which it deserved, * has been almost justified by the voluntary submission with which you have since surrendered the only rights that were left you to his successors?—If you felt, upon these reflections, as lovers of liberty ought, you would rejoice in the opportunity, which now so brightly presents itself, of regaining, at the same moment, your political and ecclesiastical freedom—of proving to your fellow-countrymen that the yoke, which you assumed as Catholics, was but a kind of counterbalance to the fetter which hung upon you as citizens; and that the same emancipating touch, which bursts the links of the latter, will for ever release you from the degradation of the former.

Let me add, too, that, as revènge was naturally among the motives which sweetened your alliance with a Prince whom your persecutors feared and detested, it becomes you to beware, lest those, whom you now ask to confide in you, should sus-

* In the same manner, Paul IV. in the time of Mary, took upon him to erect Ireland into a kingdom, with pompous references, for his authority, to the Saints, etc.; upon which Archbishop Usher says, "Paul need not make all that noise, and trouble the whole court of Heaven with the matter."

pect that a wilful perseverance in this connexion is actuated by some remains of that vindictive spirit, under whose embittering influence it first was formed. The Greeks had the feeling and good taste to exclude from the architecture of their temples those figures of female slaves called Caryatides, because (as it is well expressed by a writer upon the art) they would be “monuments of vengeance in an asylum of mercy” *—how much more importantly then are *you* called upon to imitate this tasteful generosity of the Greeks, and to shrink from profaning, with the least trace of revengeful feeling, that free sanctuary of reconciliation to which you are invited!

I shall be told, of course, that, in the instances which I have adduced, of France,† and of the

* “Vindictæ monumenta in asylo misericordiæ.”—ALDRICH’S *Architecture*.

† The famous declaration of the liberties of the Gallican church, contained in the four propositions of the Bishops, in 1682, which the learned Bossuet was the most active in promoting, and which (as a Roman Catholic divine of these countries tells us) went so far as “to pronounce the Sovereign Pastor fallible even in his dogmatic decisions of faith” (Reeve’s *Christian Church*), has been lately revived, in its full extent, by that greatest of all statesmen and warriors, Buonaparte.

early times of England * and Ireland, the religion of the State was Catholic, and that, therefore, the interests of your church might be safely entrusted to the consciences of those who governed, without the protective interference of the Pope. Before we examine into the soundness of this objection, I must urge somewhat farther a point to which I have already adverted, and entreat of you to consider, whether a Protestant government is not abundantly warranted in its suspicion of papal influence, † by the jealous apprehension with which Roman Catholic sovereigns have, at all times, en-

* Doctor Bramhall thus states the liberties of the Roman Catholic Church of England: "When the Kings of England owned the Pope's spiritual authority, his decrees had no force of laws, without the confirmation of the King. The Kings of England suffered no appeals to Rome out of their kingdoms, nor Roman Legates to enter their dominions without their license, and declared the Pope's Bulls to be otherwise void." — *Just Vindication of the Church of England*, vol. i.

† I have purposely refrained from urging the very obvious argument with which the present state of the continent has supplied my predecessors on this side of the question; partly, because the Prelates have given up this point themselves, and admitted the necessity, in the existing state of Europe, of a temporary interruption of their dependance upon the Holy See; and chiefly, because my arguments are meant to go the much greater length, of proving, that, in all possible times and circumstances, this subjection to Rome is degrading and mischievous.

deavoured to control and resist its inroads ; and whether you are not guilty of something worse than charlatanry, in recommending to others, as harmless and even salutary, what you have constantly rejected, as unnerving and poisonous, yourselves. If this influence be baneful, under monarchs of your own religion, it must work with tenfold virulence where the government is of an opposite faith ; and where, to the restless spirit of intrigue, the strong ascendancy over conscience, and the alienating claims of a spiritual allegiance, * which render it so formidable in the former case, are added the diversity of interests, the warmth of anti-heretical zeal, and the ambition of proselytism, which must invariably actuate it in the latter.

With respect to the distinction between spiritual and temporal power, by which you endeavour to

* The dangers of such an allegiance are thus forcibly enumerated by a writer, who, however irreverently blind to the beauties of religion, had the quickest of all eyes in detecting and smiling at its abuses: “La difficulté de savoir à quel point on doit obéir à ce souverain étranger, la facilité de se laisser séduire, le plaisir de secouer un joug naturel pour en prendre un qu’on se donne soi-même, l’esprit de trouble, le malheur des tems, n’out que trop souvent porté des ordres entiers de Religieux à servir Rome contre leur patrie.”—*Siècle de Louis XIV.*

reconcile your submission to the Pope with the free discharge of your duties as subjects and citizens, it is a security, which the history of all the religions of the world too fully justifies a legislature in refusing to trust to implicitly. It would be happy, indeed, for mankind, if this line between the spiritual and the temporal had always been definitively and inviolably drawn ; * for the experience both of past and present times proves, that the mixture of religion with this world's politics is as dangerous as electrical experiments upon lightning—though the flame comes from heaven, it can do much mischief upon earth. Entangled, however, as the interests of Churches and States have become, from the frailty, ambition, and worldliness of mankind, it is hardly possible to detach them fairly or satisfactorily ; and, therefore, refine

* The taint which Religion always takes from the least contact of temporal power, is observable even in that part of the progress of Mahometanism which we trace through the gradual compilation of the Koran. In the second chapter of this book it is said that “all those who believe in God and the last day, shall have their reward with the Lord ;” but as the sect became dominant, it also grew intolerant and monopolizing, and this liberal tenet is revoked in succeeding parts of the Koran, chap. 64, etc.

away, as you will, the spiritual authority of the Pope, there will still remain combined with it, in its purest state, many gross particles of temporal power, which it is the duty of a wise and free government to counteract by every effort consistent with the consciences of its subjects.

But, to return to the objection of those who maintain, that, though the supremacy of the Pope may be reduced to a mere titular existence, where the Monarch is of the Roman Catholic faith, and, therefore, equally interested with his subjects in the preservation of its strength and purity; yet this interposing shield of papal protection becomes necessary, where the government wields an opposite creed, recommended and enforced by every art of seduction and power. In the first place, experience is decidedly against this assumption; and we need but refer to the examples of Prussia and Russia, where your Church has, with safety, entrusted the appointment of her bishops to a Lutheran prince, and a schismatic autocrat,*

* The pontifical oath was altered, by the Empress of Russia's desire, in the year 1783, when Mohilow was erected into an

to prove [that even in arbitrary states,* where the rights of the subject lie more within the reach of the sovereign, than they can ever be placed by the British constitution, your religion may defy alike the pressure of power and of opinion, and flow on,

archbishopric, and a Prelate, of Catherine's nomination, received the pall from Pius VI. In this new form of oath (which, since 1791, has been wisely adopted by the Bishops and Archbishops of Ireland), the words "Hereticos persequar et impugnabo," which excited such alarm in Doctor Duigenan, and others, are omitted. See the pontifical rescript in Dr. Troy's Pastoral Address, 1793.—The reader will find, in the 4th chapter of, "Historical and Philosophical Memoirs of Pius VI." an unfair, perhaps, but certainly amusing account, of the disputes between Catherine and His Holiness, relative to this archbishopric of Mohilow. The circumstances which led to the alteration of the ancient oath are thus detailed: "Archetti, the Pope's nuncio, being questioned relative to the kind of oath which the Prelate would be expected to take, answered that he must swear not to tolerate heretics and schismatics. He was bluntly told, that his instructions betrayed a want of sense and reflection, and that it was ridiculous to impose upon a subject the obligation of persecuting those who lived under the same sovereign as himself," etc. etc. Pages 32, 33.

* "The Calvinistic states of the United Provinces, regulated their conduct, with respect to their subjects of the Roman communion, on similar principles. The nomination even of a Curé (or Parish Priest) was certified by the Arch-Priest to the provincial magistrate, and, if objected to, another was appointed."—Sir JOHN COX HIPPLISLEY *on the Catholic Question*.

like Arethusa, untinged by the mass of heterodoxy around it. *

It requires, indeed, but little range of history to teach us, that, however a difference of religion may have exasperated the feuds of mankind, it has seldom been, of itself, the sole originating motive of hostility. The power connected with creeds is always much more obnoxious than their errors, and Faith may wear her mantle of any hue she likes, as long as she is not suspected of hiding a sceptre under it. So little, in general, have states and sovereigns been guided in their movements by mere spiritual considerations, that we find them, as worldly policy dictates, combining in such motley alliances of creeds, as seem almost to realize the rambling dreams of scepticism. We see the cross united with the crescent against Christians; we find Catholics assisting Protestants to cast off a Catholic yoke, † and, still more ex-

* *Belle Aréthuse, ainsi ton onde fortunée
Roule au sein furieux d'Amphitrite étonnée,
Un cristal toujours pur, et des flots toujours clairs,
Que jamais ne corrompt l'amertume des mers.*

LA HENRIADE.

† Thus Innocent XI. assisted the great champion of Pro-

traordinary, perhaps, within a very few years, we have seen papal badges about the necks of British dragoons, * as a reward for having defended the Pope, in his own capital, against Papists. Indeed, through all the difficulties with which the Court of Rome had to struggle, during the warning events which preceded the French revolution, her chief consolations and aids were administered by heretics and schismatics; and while the Emperor Joseph, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and the King of Naples, were weakening and degrading the Pontiff by every species of encroachment and insult; while France, the eldest child of the Church, was already preparing "images of revolt and flying-off," the King of Sweden was on a visit of friendship at Rome, the great Frederic maintained a cordial intercourse with the

testantism, William, with the money of the Church against the Papist Prince, his father-in-law. Indeed, so little were the interests of the Church considered, in this instance, that when James sent the Earl of Castlemaine, Ambassador Extraordinary to Rome, to make submission of the Crown of England to the Pope, the Court of Rome received him with repulsive coldness, and refused a cardinal's hat, which the King solicited for Father Petre.

* The 12th, or Prince of Wales's Light Dragoons.

Holy See, and protected its best supporters, the Jesuits, in his dominions; while Catherine, beside the interest which she evinced towards her Roman Catholic subjects in White Russia, proposed, and, I doubt not, with much sincerity, to establish a concordat between the Greek and Latin churches.*

Having satisfied ourselves, therefore, that a mere difference in creeds is, of itself, insufficient to provoke hostility, without an adequate mixture of political considerations, let us consider whether it would be the interest of the British

* There is nothing which excites more regret than the failure of every effort like this, towards reconciling the great schisms of the Christian world. The forbearance of Melancthon, and others, at the Reformation, in admitting several points as *adiaphora*, ought to have led to a more cordial adjustment of differences, instead of adding to the many absurd quarrels of mankind the preposterous instance of a *bellum adiaphoristicum*. The speculations of the Eircnists, too, for reconciling the Protestant and Catholic churches, were all put an end to by the bull Unigenitus. The plan which Fabricius proposed for this desirable object, may be found in Heidegger's Life of that able Professor, at the end of his works. It is impossible, however, to read the sarcasms against Popery, in the "Euclides Catholicus" of Fabricius (published under the assumed name of Ferrarius), without suspecting that he was but indifferently qualified for the dispassionate duties of an arbitrator.

government, after admitting you to a full participation of the constitution, to follow up the boon by attacking or undermining your religion, and thus cancelling the only security which they can have for the morals of the people with whom they have shared so valuable a deposit. The very statement of such a supposition is, I think, a sufficient exposure of its absurdity. "Religion (says Montesquieu), though false, is the only guarantee we can have for the probity of men ;" and can you seriously think that the power which you are asked to vest in the Crown, will be pre-meditatedly employed towards the extinction of this guarantee? or that the religion, which alone has made you trust-worthy, will be conspired against as soon as the trust has been confided to you?

That there are some persons, even in these reasoning times, who are ignorant and weak enough to dread and hate your church—who would, for ever, exclude you from all political rights, and who, as long as your interests are separate from their own, would feel a pleasure in loosening your moorings of rectitude, and casting you adrift into

those vices and irregularities which might give them some pretext for wronging and tormenting you—that there are a few such malicious bigots, I acknowledge with shame and astonishment : but to suppose that even those very persons, in the event of your becoming incorporated with them in the state, and embarked in a complete identity of interests, should be so blind to their own safety as to weaken the restraints of that religion, to which alone they have to trust for the integrity and good faith of their co-partners, or so wanton as to vitiate this fountain of your morals at the risk of tainting the whole atmosphere of the constitution—to suppose such a perversion of the commonest dictates of policy, is to imagine a mixture of profligacy and bigotry, which I should hesitate in attributing even to Mr. Perceval.

The great King of Prussia, whose hatred to all possible creeds * will not be questioned by the believers in Barruel and Robinson, far from indulging this malignity at the expense of his sub-

* A truly *Protestant* Prince, according to Bayle's definition of the term: "Je suis Protestant (says this sceptic), car je proteste contre toutes les religions."

jects and himself, thus speaks, in justifying the cordial protection which he afforded to the Jesuits in Polish Prussia and Silesia: "I have a million and a half of Catholics among my subjects, and it is of consequence to me that they should be brought up strictly and uniformly in the religion of their forefathers."—But it is superfluous to refer to such philosophical authority, for a policy obvious to the least reasoning capacities; the very instinct of self-preservation would suggest it to the most brainless politician, and I doubt whether even my Lord Castlereagh would not lose all the pleasure which he takes in the practice of corruption, if he had the slightest suspicion that he endangered himself by it.

When alarmists, therefore, try to persuade you that this concession will be fatal to your faith; that it is but a barter of spiritual treasures for a few temporal advantages, and that, as the eagle took the tortoise into the sky in order to break it, so your sect is to be elevated only for the purpose of destroying it—tell them that you have too high a value for liberty, and too strong a reliance upon the stability of your church, to be

scared from the proffered enjoyment of the one, by vague or visionary alarms about the other ; that you are inspired with a manly and well-grounded confidence, that the character which you have earned, while aliens from the state, will insure a respect for your consciences when allied with it ; and that the religion which has *made* you worthy of the constitution, will be cherished and supported, as the best means of *keeping* you so. Tell them, that, even should these liberal views be fallacious, you can yet rely for the safety of your faith upon those ordinary principles of self-interest, which prevent the merchant, who trusts half his stock to another, from making a knave of his partner, or teaching him to betray and plunder him. Tell them, in fine, as your best and ultimate security, that you depend upon the strength of the religion itself, which has for ages taken root in the hearts of Irishmen, which, like our beautiful arbutus, is native to the soil, and having lived so green through the long winter of persecution, will neither be checked in its growth, nor weakened in its stem, by those blossoms which the warm sun of freedom will bring out on it !

Among the lesser and more lightly urged objections to the Veto, there is one, which it is really refreshing to meet, after the anile prejudices and terrors which I have been combating ; because it shows some of that wakeful jealousy of power, which is so becoming in suitors for the fair hand of Liberty, and which your other arguments against the measure would by no means encourage us in attributing to you. “ The concession of the negative,” we are told, “ would increase the power of the Crown, and that therefore it is the interest of the whole country that it should not be granted.” It does not seem, however, to have been taken into consideration by the proposers of this objection, that the complete enfranchisement of so large a portion of the empire would so considerably widen the basis of the legislature, as to form more than a counterbalance to this additional weight of the executive ; and that if the constitution were now in its perfect equilibrium (which “ ne aniculæ quidem existimant”*), such an accession of force to one part of the system would *require*, perhaps, some pro-

* Cicero, de Divinat. lib. 2. § 15.

portional control to be vested in the other. But it is not the power, which comes boldly in the shape of prerogative, that the people of these countries have chiefly to dread at present, and the exercise of a Veto would be so personally the act of the King, so invidiously exposed, and of such undivided responsibility, that few monarchs would risk an unpopular or arbitrary use of it.

I may be told, indeed, that the constitutional negative of the Crown has been got rid of by the insidious mediation of influence, and that the same pioneer may smooth the way to the appointment of your hierarchy, by procuring the recommendation of such persons only as are likely to coincide with the politics of the Court,* and thus preventing the ungracious ultimatum of a negative. Against this kind of danger under the present system, I must candidly own that I see but little

* This apprehension of a political abuse of the royal interference was felt by the framers of the 12th canon of the 8th council of Constantinople (in the year 869), which condemns such elections of Bishops as have been procured "*per versutiam et tyrannidem Principum*." See an able treatise "*De Libertat. Eccles. Gallican.*" by M. C. S. lib. iii. c. 7, p. 123, where a misconception of Dominus de Marca upon this subject is corrected.

security. Until a thorough reform shall have purified the constitution from that all-pervading corruption which threatens to change its very nature, nothing that comes within its sphere can hope to escape the contagion. That jealousy, perhaps, with which you must always regard the too close approaches of your clergy to the Court, may, for some time, avert their political seduction ; but I dare not answer for the best or wisest of them, if too long exposed to those bewildering temptations, so meretriciously and shamelessly employed by the Government. It is impossible, however, that this state of things can last ; the people of England demand a reform, and what they steadily demand cannot long be refused to them. Think, then, what incentives there are, at this moment, for a generous neglect of all minor obstacles, in your grand pursuit of that rank in the state which alone can empower you to serve the constitution ; which alone can enable you to appear among the regenerators of that system, which statesmen of your own faith first gloriously founded, and to repay those friends who are now struggling for your liberty, by nobly assisting them to perfect

their own. The very infusion of such a new, untainted spirit cannot fail to produce reanimation and vigour; and your courage will rival the gallantry of that youth, who courted his mistress at the moment when she was dying of the plague, and "clasping the bright infection in his arms,"* restored her to health and beauty by his caresses.

I had intended to have adverted, somewhat more particularly, to the manner in which many of your writers have treated this subject; but having proved (to my own conviction, at least), that their arguments and alarms are equally groundless, it is unnecessary to call upon their manes any further, or disturb that oblivion into which I must very soon follow them.

To your conduct between this and the discussion of the question in Parliament, your friends all look with considerable anxiety. Having pleaded your cause with unexampled perseverance, and succeeded in clearing away those gross calumnies,†

* Somewhere in Darwin, who took this interesting story (as I believe he acknowledges) from a very curious poem, by Vincentius Fabricius, which may be found in the *Miscellanea Curiosa*, An. 2.

† The reader will find some of the most ridiculous of these

which had so long intercepted the genuine light of your character, they saw with pleasure the moment approaching when your merits and rights were to be recognised, and their toils and sacrifices repaid. They observed that even the most timid and scrupulous, looking back to the long and dreary quarantine which you had so patiently performed off the harbour of the constitution, were beginning to lay aside their fears and prejudices, and preparing to admit you with confidence and cordiality. To see, suddenly, a blight thrown over such prospects, was painful enough from any quarter : but to see that blight proceed from yourselves, was of all disappointments the most unexpected and mortifying. With a precipitancy which might have afforded some apology for your error, if a perseverance in folly did not rob you

accusations, in the character of a Papist's belief, by the Archbishop of York, in 1762, "written for a Lady to preserve her from the dangers of Popery." Among other articles of the creed, which he imputes to them, is the following : "That Christ is the Saviour of men only, but of no women ; for that women are saved by St. Clare and Mother Jane."—Surely, surely, such old women as the Archbishop (and I could point out many a one of the sisterhood at present) are scarcely worthy of more respectable mediators.

even of that excuse, you disavowed every favourable disposition attributed to you, and, by falsifying your best friends, almost justified your worst adversaries. I have already, however, sufficiently dwelt upon the rash inconsistency of this conduct, and shall now only implore, that, while there is yet time, you may regain the ground which you have lost, and win back the confidence which you have forfeited. The Protestants fear to entrust their constitution to you as long as you continue under the influence of the Pope; and your reason for continuing under the influence of the Pope, is, that you fear to entrust your church to the Protestants. Now, I have shown, I trust, in the preceding pages, that *their* alarm is natural, just, and well-founded; while *yours* is unmeaning, groundless, and ungenerous. It cannot, therefore, be doubted by which of you the point should be conceded. The bigots of both sects are equally detestable; but if I were compelled to choose between them, I should certainly prefer those who have the Constitution on their side.

THOMAS MOORE.

DUBLIN, April 21, 1810.

M. P.;

OR,

THE BLUE-STOCKING :

A COMIC OPERA, IN THREE ACTS. .

PREFACE.

WHEN I gave this Piece to the Theatre, I had not the least intention of publishing it; because, however I may have hoped that it would be tolerated upon the stage, among those light summer productions which are laughed at for a season and forgotten, I was conscious how ill such fugitive trifles can bear to be embodied into a literary form by publication. Among the motives which have influenced me to alter this purpose, the strongest, perhaps, is the pleasure I have felt in presenting the Copyright of the Dialogue to Mr. POWER, as some little acknowledgment of the liberality which he has shown in the purchase of the Music. The Opera, altogether, has had a much better fate than I expected; and it would, perhaps, have been less successful in amusing the audience, if I had "*songé sérieusement à les faire rire.*" But

that the humble opinion which I express of its merits has not been adopted in complaisance to any of my critics, will appear by the following extract from a letter which I addressed to the Licensor, for the purpose of prevailing upon him to restore certain passages, which he had thought proper to expunge as politically objectionable :—

“ You will perceive, Sir, by the true estimate
“ which I make of my own nonsense, that, if your
“ censorship were directed against bad jokes, etc.
“ I should be much more ready to agree with you
“ than I am at present. Indeed, in that case,
“ the ‘*una litura*’ would be sufficient.”—I cannot advert to my correspondence with this Gentleman, without thanking him for the politeness and forbearance with which he attended to my remonstrances ; though I suspect he will not quite coincide with those journalists who have had the sagacity to discover symptoms of political servility* in the dialogue.

* This extraordinary charge was, I believe, founded upon the passage which alludes to the REGENT ; and if it be *indeed* servility to look up with hope to the PRINCE, as a harbinger of better days to my wronged and insulted Country, and to expect that the friend of a Fox and a MOIRA will also be the

Among the many wants which are experienced in these times, the want of a sufficient number of Critics will not, I think, be complained of by the most querulous. Indeed, the state of an Author now resembles very much that of the poor Laplander in winter, who has hardly time to light his little candle in the darkness, before myriads of insects swarm round to extinguish it. In the present instance, however, I have no reason to be angry with my censurers; for, upon weighing their strictures on this dramatic bagatelle against the praises with which they have honoured my writings in general, I find the balance so flatteringly in my favour, that gratitude is the only sentiment which even the severest* have awakened in me.

To Mr. ARNOLD, the proprietor of the English Opera, I am indebted for many kindnesses and attentions; and, though we have differed so materially in our opinions of this Piece, those who

friend of Liberty and of Ireland—if *this* be servility, in common with the great majority of my Countrymen, I am proud to say I plead guilty to the charge.

* See the very elaborate Criticisms in *The Times*, of Tuesday, Sept. 10; and in *The Examiner*, of Sunday, Sept. 15.

know the side which he has taken in the dispute, will easily believe that it has not *very* much embittered my feelings towards him.

The Music, which I have ventured to compose for the Opera, owes whatever little dramatic effect it may possess to the skilful suggestions and arrangements of Mr. Horn; and I only fear that the delicacy with which he has refrained from altering the Melodies, or even the Harmonies which I attempted, may have led him into sanctioning many ungraceful errors in both, which his better taste and judgment would have rejected.

To the Performers I am grateful for more than mere professional exertions; there was a kind zeal amongst them, a cordial anxiety for my success, which, I am proud to hear, has seldom been equalled.

THOMAS MOORE.

Bury-street, St. James's,
Oct. 9, 1811.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Sir Charles Canvas</i>	Mr. OXBERRY.
<i>Captain Canvas</i>	Mr. HORN.
<i>Henry de Rosier</i>	Mr. PHILIPPS.
<i>Mr. Hartington</i>	Mr. RAYMOND.
<i>Leatherhead</i>	Mr. LOVEGROVE.
<i>Davy</i>	Mr. KNIGHT.
<i>La Fosse</i>	Mr. WEWITZER.
<i>Lady Bab Blue</i>	Mrs. SPARKS.
<i>Madame de Rosier</i>	Mrs. HAMILTON.
<i>Miss Selwyn</i>	Mrs. MOUNTAIN.
<i>Miss Hartington</i>	Miss KELLY.
<i>Susan</i>	Mrs. BLAND.

Peasants, etc. etc.

M. P. ;
OR,
THE BLUE-STOCKING.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Beach—Boats coming to Land.*

BOAT-GLEE.

THE song that lightens the languid way
When brows are glowing,
And faint with rowing,
Is like the spell of Hope's airy lay,
To whose sound through life we stray.
The beams that flash on the oar awhile,
As we row along through waves so clear,
Illume its spray, like the fleeting smile
That shines o'er Sorrow's tear.

Nothing is lost on him who sees
With an eye that Feeling gave ;—
For him there's a story in every breeze,
And a picture in every wave.
Then sing to lighten the languid way ;—
When brows are glowing,
And faint with rowing :
'Tis like the spell of Hope's airy lay,
To whose sound through life we stray.

Sir Charles Canvas, Lady Bab Blue, Miss Hartington, Miss Selwyn, and Davy, land from the Boat.

Lady B. What a charming clear morning! I protest we might almost see the coast of France.—Run, Davy, and fetch my telescope.

Davy. I wool, my Lady. [*Exit Davy to Boat.*]

Sir Charles. Ay, do, Davy—the French coast is a favourite view of mine.

Miss Selwyn. I thought, Sir Charles, your views lay nearer home.

Sir C. Hem—a hit at me for staying at home, while my brother is abroad fighting the enemy (*aside*). Why, really, Madam, if all the brains of the country were to be exported through the Admiralty and the War-Office, you would have none left for home consumption. No—no—a few of *us* must stick to old England, or her politics and fashions would be entirely neglected, and the devil would get amongst the ministers and the tailors.

Miss Hartington. You suppose then, Sir Charles,

that our politics and our fashions may be safely intrusted to the same hands?

Sir C. Certainly, Madam—there is nothing like *us* for *leading* either the *ton* or the *Opposition*—for *turning out* either an *equipage* or an *Administration*; and, equally knowing on the *turf* and the *hustings*, if a favourite horse *breaks down*, or a new patriot *bolts*, we can start you fresh ones at the shortest notice.

Miss S. Your brother, however, seems to think, Sir Charles, that, on the quarter-deck of a British man-of-war, he may make himself at least *as* useful to his country, as if he passed all his time between a barouche-box and the Treasury Bench.

Sir C. That plaguy brother of mine is never out of her head (*aside*). Why, as to my brother—Miss Selwyn—my brother—in short, Madam, if my brother had not been in such a hurry to come into the world, but had waited decently, like me, till his mother was married, he would not only have saved the family some blushes, but would have possessed, of course, the title, the fortune, and all those cogent little reasons which I

now have for keeping this head of mine out of gunshot, and employing it *in the home department* at your service.

Miss S. His want of feeling upon this misfortune of his family is quite odious. We must not stay to listen to him (*to Miss Hartington*).—Believe me, Sir Charles, you mistake the mode of recommending yourself, if you think to amuse by this display of levity upon a subject in which a parent's honour and a brother's interest are so very deeply and delicately concerned.—The rude hand of the world will be ready enough to lift the veil, without requiring *your* aid in the exposure. [*Exeunt Miss Hart. and Miss Selwyn.*]

Sir C. Ay—this now comes of talking facetiously upon grave subjects.—'Tis the way in *the House*, tho', always—Adam Smith and Joe Miller well mixed, that's your Parliamentary style of eloquence.—But what's our old Polyhymnia about here? [*Turning to Lady Bab, who, during this time, has got the telescope, and is looking towards the sea.*]

Lady B. Well, positively—this is a most miraculous telescope—There—there he is again.

Sir C. May I ask what your Ladyship has found out?

Lady B. Something black and red, Sir Charles, that is moving on the coast opposite, which, my fond fancy persuades me, may be one of the great French chemists.—There, there he goes again, the dear man!—the black must be his face, and the red his night-cap—What wonderful discoveries he may be making at this moment!

Sir C. Not more wonderful than you are making yourself, I think, old lady!

Lady B. Come here, Davy, and try what *you* can observe—*Your* eyes have not suffered in the cause of science, like mine.

Davy. Why, no—not much—and, ecod! sometimes, of an evening, I can see twice as much as other folk.—Like your Highland witches, I have a sight to spare.

Sir C. (*Aside.*) I never yet knew a learned lady, that did not delight in having a booby to show off upon.—Whether it be in the shape of servant, lover, or husband, these curious copies of Sappho generally have a calf-skin at their backs.

Davy. (*Looking through the glass.*) What colour did you say a chemist was, my Lady?

Lady B. (smiling.) Why, rather of the dingy than otherwise—the dark, sober tinge of the laboratory. As my friend Dr O’Jargon often says to me—‘Your ignorant people, Madam, have an objection to *dirt*—but *I* know what it is *composed of*, and am perfectly reconciled to it.’—And so he is, good man! he bears it like a philosopher.

Davy. By gum! I see it now, sailing away to windward like smoke.

Lady B. Sailing! you blockhead!

Davy. Ees—and if you had not tould me ’twas a chemist, I could have sworn ’twas a great collier from Newcastle.

Lady B. Ha! plenty of *the carbonic*, however!—But, pray, Sir Charles, what has become of my niece and Miss Hartington?

Sir C. Just *pair’d off*, Madam, as we say at St. Stephen’s, and left me in silent admiration of the ease with which your Ladyship’s vision can travel to the coast of France, while the eyes of this unlettered rustic can reach no farther than the middle of the Channel.

Davy. Well—come—to be half seas over is quite enough for any moderate man.

Lady B. Hold your familiar tongue, and follow me—Sir Charles, shall we try and find the young ladies?

Sir C. With all my heart—though, I assure your Ladyship, the humour in which Miss Selwyn *adjourned the debate* made me rather fear that I was put off till this day six months.

Lady B. There are some of my sex, Sir Charles, like certain chemical substances—it is impossible to melt them, because they fly off in vapour during the process.—My niece, I confess, is of this fly-away nature; while I, alas! am but too fusible.—Come, Davy, bring the telescope safely after me. [Exeunt Sir C. and Lady B.]

Davy. I wool, my Lady (*looking after her*).—What a comical thing your *larning* is!—Now, here am I, as a body may say, in the very thick on't.—Nothing but knowledge, genus, and what not, from morning till night, and yet, dang it, somehow, none of it sticks to me.—It wouldn't be so in other concerns—Now, in a public-house, for instance, I think I could hardly be among the

liquors all day without some of them finding their way into my mouth—But here's this larning—thof I be made a kind of accomplice in it by my lady, I am as innocent of it all as the Parson of our parish.

SONG.—*Davy*.

Says Sammy, the tailor, to me,
As he sat with his spindles crossways,—
'Tis bekase I'm a poet, you see,
That I kiver my head with green baize!'
So says I, 'For a sample I begs,'
And I'm shot if he did'nt prodnce, Sir,
Some *crossticks* he wrote on his legs,
And a *pastern ode* to his goose, Sir.
Oh this writing and reading!
'Tis all a fine conjuration,
Made for folks of high breeding,
To bother themselves and the nation!

There's Dick, who sold wine in the lane,
And old Dickey himself did not tope ill;
But politics turned his brain,
And a place he call'd Constantinople.
He never could sit down to dine,
But he thought of poor *Turkey*, he said, Sir;
And swore, while he tippled his wine,
That the *Porte* was ne'er out of his head, Sir.
Oh this writing and reading! etc. etc.

The grocer, Will Fig, who so fast
Through his ciphers and figures could run ye,
By gum! he has nothing at last,
But the ciphers to-show for his money.

The barber, a scollard, well known
At the sign of the wig hanging from a tree,
Makes every head like his own,
For he cuts them all up in geometry!
Oh this writing and reading! etc. etc.

SCENE II.—*An Apartment at Mr. HARTING-*
TON'S.

Enter Miss SELWYN and Miss HARTINGTON.

Miss Hart. My dear Miss Selwyn—I am so happy for once to have you quietly in my father's house.—We never should have got so intimate in London.

Miss Selwyn. In London! oh, never.—What with being at home to *nobody* in the morning, and being at home to *every body* in the evening, there is no such thing as intimacy amongst us.—We are like those ladies of Bagdad, in 'The Arabian Nights,' who entertained strangers in their illuminated apartments, upon condition that they would not ask to know any thing further about them.

Miss Hart. But I had almost forgot Sir Charles Canyas.

Miss S. Nothing so likely to slip out of one's memory, my dear.

Miss Hart. I am quite happy to hear you say so, as I rather feared Sir Charles was a lover of yours.

Miss S. And so he unfortunately is—He loves me with a sort of electioneering regard for the influence which my fortune would give him among the freeholders.—In short, he canvasses my heart and the county together, and for every *vow* expects a vote.

Miss Hart. I had always supposed till now that *Captain Canvas* was the elder of the two.

Miss S. You were right, my dear : he is older by a year than Sir Charles—But their father, the late Baronet, having married his lady privately in France, *Captain Canvas* was born before their marriage was avowed, and before the second solemnization of it, which took place publicly in England.—Though no one doubts the validity of the first union, yet the difficulty, indeed the impossibility, of proving it, from the total want of witness or document, has been taken advantage of by Sir Charles to usurp the title and fortune, while

his brave and admirable brother is carelessly wandering over the ocean, with no fortune but his sword, no title but his glory !

Miss Hart. I am not at all surprised at the warmth with which you speak of Captain Canvas—I knew him once very well (*sighs*).

Miss S. Very well, did you say, Miss Hartington ?

Miss Hart. Oh ! no—not—indeed scarcely at all.—I meant merely that I had seen him.—He was the friend of poor De Rosier (*aside*).

Miss S. That sigh—that confusion—yes—yes—I see it plain—she loves him too (*aside*).

[*Mr. Hartington's voice heard without.*

Miss Hart. My father's voice !—What a lucky relief ! I am so happy, my dear Miss Selwyn, in the opportunity of introducing you to my father.—You must not be surprised at the oddity of his appearance—he is just now setting out upon one of those benevolent rambles, for which he dresses himself like the meanest of mankind ; being convinced that, in this homely garb, he finds an easier access to the house of Misfortune, and that proud Misery unburthens her heart more freely for him

who seems to share in her wants, than for him who ostentatiously comes to relieve them.

Enter MR. HARTINGTON, meanly dressed.

Miss Hart. Dear father! my friend, Miss Selwyn.

Mr. Hart. I fear, Miss Selwyn, I shall alarm you by these tatters—Fine ladies, like crows, are apt to be frightened away by rags.

Miss S. When we know, Sir, the purpose for which this disguise is assumed, it looks brighter in our eyes than the gayest habiliments of fashion—for when charity——

Mr. Hart. Nay, nay, child, no flattery—You have learned these fine speeches from your aunt, Lady Bab, who is, if I mistake not, what the world calls a *Blue-Stocking*.

Miss S. In truth, Sir, I rather fear my aunt has incurred that title.

Mr. Hart. Yes—yes—I knew her father—he was a man of erudition himself, and, having no son to inherit his learning, was resolved to lay out every syllable of it upon his daughter, and accordingly stuffed her head with all that was le-

gible and *illegible* without once considering that the female intellect may possibly be too weak for such an experiment, and that, if guns were made of glass, we should be but idly employed in charging them.

Miss S. And would you, then, shut us out entirely from the light of learning?

Mr. Hart. No—no—learn as much as you please, but learn also to conceal it.—I could even bear a little peep at the blue-stockings, but save me from the woman who shows them up to her knees!

Miss Hart. Nay, father, you speak severely.

Mr. Hart. Perhaps I do, child, and lose my time into the bargain.—But, there, make Miss Selwyn welcome, while I go to my bureau to fill this little ammunition-pouch (*showing a small leather purse*) for my day's sport among the cottages.—Oh, money! money! let bullionists and paper-mongers say what they will, the true art of raising the value of a guinea is to share it with those who are undeservedly in want of it. [Exit.

Miss S. (looking after him.) Excellent man!

Miss Hart. But were you not a little shocked by the misery of his appearance ?

Miss S. Oh ! not at all.—He seems to me like one of those dark clouds that lay between us and the moon last night—gloomy and forbidding on its outward surface, but lined with the silver light of Heaven within !

DUET.—MISS SELWYN *and* MISS HARTINGTON.

'Tis sweet to behold, when the billows are sleeping,
Some gay-colour'd bark, moving gracefully by ;
No damp on her deck, but the even-tide's weeping,
No breath in her sails, but the summer-wind's sigh.

Yet, who would not turn, with a fonder emotion,
To gaze on the life-boat, though rugged and worn,
Which often hath wafted, o'er hills of the ocean,
The lost light of hope to the seaman forlorn ?

Oh ! grant that, of those, who, in life's sunny slumber,
Around us, like summer-barks, idly have play'd,
When storms are abroad we may find in the number
One friend like the life-boat to fly to our aid !

[*Exeunt.*]

Sir Charles (speaking without). Miss Selwyn ! your aunt has dispatched me to say that—(*Enters*)—Miss Selwyn !—Miss Selwyn !—This saucy heiress avoids me, as if I was a collector of the income-

tax.—I see how it is—she has the impudence to dislike me without asking her aunt's consent—*negatives me without a division*—But I'll have her yet—I'll marry her (as I got into Parliament) for *opposition's sake*.—Snug house this of her friend Miss Hartington's—Her father, I hear, a rich banker.—I rather suspect too that little Tory is somewhat taken with me.—She listened to every thing I said as attentively as a *Reporter*.—Well—egad!—in case I should fail in the one, I think I may as well make sure of the other.—‘Two strings to my bow,’ as *Lord Either-Side* says in the *House*.—But who have we here?

Enter MR. HARTINGTON.

Oh! some poor pensioner of the family, I suppose—One, too, who must have got his pension upon very honest terms, for his coat is evidently *not worth turning*.

Mr. Hart. Some troublesome visitor, that I must get rid of (*aside*).

Sir C. Pray, my good friend, is there any one at home?

Mr. Hart. No, Sir.

Sir C. I thought his *friends* were out by his looking so shabby (*aside*). And you, Sir, I presume, are a quarterly visitor to this family—or monthly, perhaps—or weekly—the *Treasury*, I know, pays quarterly.

Mr. Hart. It is true, Sir, I am dependant upon the master of this house for all the comfort and happiness I enjoy.

Sir C. I knew it—at the first glance I knew it.—Let me alone for the physiognomy of *placemen* and *pensioners*—from the careless smile of the *sinecure holder*, to the keen forward-looking eye of the *reversionist*.—This fellow may be useful to me (*aside*).—And what are the services, pray, which you render in return to your benefactor?

Mr. Hart. The smile, Sir, which his good actions always leave upon my cheek, and the sweet sleep which he knows I enjoy, after witnessing the happy effects of his charity, are ample repayment to him for the utmost efforts of his benevolence.

Sir C. Then, upon my soul, he is more easily paid than any of those *I* have ever had dealings with.—I could smile bright or sleep heavy; but

the guineas, being both bright and heavy, were always preferred to my smiling and sleeping.

Mr. Hart. I shall be kept here all day by this troublesome coxcomb (*aside*). Your pardon, Sir, I have some business to transact for Mr. Hartington.

Sir C. Stay, my fine fellow, just one minute.—How should you like to have an opportunity of serving your benefactor, and *receiving the thanks* of this *honourable house* for your good offices?

Mr. Hart. Every thing that concerns Mr. Hartington, Sir, is as dear to me as my own immediate interests.

Sir C. Exactly what we say of Great Britain in *the House*—‘Every thing that concerns Great Britain is as dear to me (*mimicking*)——’ But, I say, my old *pensioner*, you know the boarding-house down the street? (*Mr. H. nods his head.*) Good feeding there, by the bye—*commons* fit for *Lords*—only that *the bills* are brought in too *early in the session*—But call upon me there to-morrow or next day, and I’ll employ you in some way that may be useful to you.—In the mean

time, as old Hartington seems to have a few amiable oddities about charity and so forth, you can tell him, if you have an opportunity, that *I* too have a wonderful taste that way.—Oh ! you smile, Sir, do you ? Well, then, to show you that *I have*, here's—(*takes out his purse*)—yet stay—just wait till my friends come into power, and, as I think you love tippling, I'll get you made a gauger, you dog !

Mr. Hart. Keep your patronage, Sir, for those who want it, and, above all, for those who deserve it.—The master of this house is, thank Heaven ! the only patron *I* require.—Let but my conduct meet with *his* approbation, and I may look up, with hope, to that highest of places, which the power of monarchs cannot give, nor the caprices of this world deprive me of. [*Exit.*]

Sir C. Well said, old boy—though, for the soul of me, I cannot imagine what is the *Place* he alludes to.—'Tis not in the *Red-Book*, I'm sure—But no matter—he may be useful in delivering a billet-doux for me to Miss Hartington.—Cursed troublesome things those billets-doux ! When I'm *Chancellor of the Exchequer*, I mean to propose

a *tax* on them—(*mimicking some public speaker*)—‘ Mr. Chairman! I move that all love-dealings shall be transacted upon *stamps*.—Soft nonsense, Sir, upon a *one-and-six-penny*—when the passion is to any amount, an eighteen-pen’orth more—and a proposal for marriage——’ No—curse it—I’ll not lay any thing additional upon marriage.—It never came under the head of *luxuries*, and is quite tax enough in itself. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*Another Apartment in Mr. HARTINGTON’S House.*

Enter MISS HARTINGTON.

Miss Hart. How long this loitering girl is away! my heart sickens with anxiety for her return.—It cannot surely be De Rosier whom I saw at the library—and yet his features, air, manner, altogether scarcely leave a doubt upon my heart.—Oh, De Rosier! What strange caprice of Fortune can have lowered thy station in life so suddenly?—And yet wealth was not the charm that attracted me, nor could riches shed one additional grace upon that which is bright and estimable already.

SONG.—*Miss Hartington.*

When Leila touch'd the lute,
Not *then* alone 'twas felt,
But, when the sounds were mute,
In memory still they dwelt.
Sweet lute! in nightly slumbers
Still we heard thy morning numbers.

Ah! how could she, who stole
Such breath from simple wire,
Be led, in pride of soul,
To string with gold her lyre?
Sweet lute! thy chords she breaketh;
Golden now the strings she waketh!

But where are all the tales
Her lute so sweetly told?
In lofty themes she fails,
And soft ones suit not gold.
Rich lute! we see thee glisten,
But, alas! no more we listen!

Enter SUSAN.

Well—dear Susan! what news?

Susan. Why, you see, Miss, I went to the circulating library, and as I forgot the name of the book you bid me get, I thought I would ask for one of my own choosing.—So, says I, ‘Sir, Miss Hartington sent me for the Comical Magazine,

with the blue and red cuts in it ;' upon which he blushed up, and——

Miss Hart. Who blushed? tell me—is it he? is it, indeed, Mr. De Rosier?

Susan. La! Miss—there's no comfort in telling you a story—you are always in such a hurry to get at the contents of it.

Miss Hart. Nay, but, my dear Susan!

Susan. Well—if you *will* have it all at once—it *is* he—it is the same elegant young Mr. De Rosy, who used to walk by the windows in London to admire you—and there he is now behind the counter of that library, with a pen stuck in his beautiful ear, and his nice white hands all over with the dust of them dirty little story-books.

Miss Hart. There's a mystery in this, which I cannot account for.—I *did* indeed hear from one, who knew him well, that he depended upon precarious remittances from France—but “then—

“*Susan.* Lord—Miss—your emigrants are all
“ways precarious people—tho', indeed, to give
“the devil his due, Mr. De Rosy is as little like
“one as may be—for, I purtest and wow, he
“speaks English almost as well as myself; and

“ he used to give a pound-note as prettily as if he
“ had been a banker’s clerk all his life-time.

“ *Miss Hart.* He has given you money, then,
“ Susan?

“ *Susan.* Once in a way, Miss—a trifle or so—
“ and, God knows! I earn’d it well by answering
“ all his troublesome questions about *who* were
“ your visitors, and *who* you liked best, and whe-
“ ther you ever talked of him after the night he
“ danced with you at the ball.

“ *Miss Hart.* That night! the only time I
“ ever heard his voice! And” did he seem to
know you to-day, Susan?

Susan. Indeed, Miss, I made believe not to
know *him*—for I have lived too long among my
betters not to larn, that it is bad taste to go on
knowing people after they have come into mis-
fortune.—But when I told him you sent me for
the Comical Magazine, with the blue and red cuts
in it, la! how he did blush and stare!

Miss Hart. What a taste must he impute to
me! It would be imprudent—perhaps cruel—to
go there myself—and yet I feel I cannot resist the
inclination.—Give me the catalogue, Susan, and,

in a quarter of an hour hence bring my walking-dress to the drawing-room. (*Goes out reading the catalogue.*) ‘Fatal Attachment.’—‘Victim of Poverty.’ Heigh ho! [Exit.

Susan. Ay—Heigh ho! indeed.—It must be a very, very stout, hardy love, that will not take cold, when the poverty season sets in—for it is but too true what some fine poet has said, that ‘When Poverty comes in at the door, Love flies out of the window.’

SONG.—*Susan.*

Young Love lived once in an humble shed,
Where roses breathing,
And woodbines wreathing
Around the lattice their tendrils spread,
As wild and sweet as the life he led.
His garden flourish'd,
For young Hope nourish'd
The infant buds with beams and showers;
But lips, though blooming, must still be fed,
And not even Love can live on flowers.

Alas! that Poverty's evil eye
Should e'er come hither,
Such sweets to wither!
The flowers laid down their heads to die,
And Hope fell sick as the witch drew nigh.
She came one morning,
Ere Love had warning,
And raised the latch, where the young god lay;

'Oh ho!' said Love—'is it you? good bye ;'
So he oped the window, and flew away!

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*A Circulating Library.*

Enter LEATHERHEAD.

Leath. Bless me! bless me! Where is this fine gentleman, my shopkeeper? Idling his time, I warrant him, with some of the best-bound books in the shop.—Ah! 'tis a foolish thing for a scholar to turn bookseller—just as foolish as it is for a jolly fellow to turn wine-merchant;—they both serve themselves before their customers, and the knowledge and the wine all get into their own heads. And your poets too!—extraordinary odd-fish!—only fit to be served up at the tables of us booksellers—who feed upon them, as the dogs fed upon poor Rumble's Pegasus.

SONG.—*Leatherhead.*

Robert Rumble, a poet of lyric renown,
Hey scribble—hy scribble, ho!
Was invited to dine with a 'Squire out of town,
With his hey scribble—hy scribble, ho!
His nag had a string-halt, as well as his lyre,
So he mounted and rode to the house of the 'Squire,
Who was one of those kind-hearted men, that keep hounds
Just to hunt off the vermin from other men's grounds,
With my hey scribble—hy scribble, ho!

The huntsman that morning had bought an old hack,
Hey scribble—hy scribble, ho!

To cut up as a delicate lunch for the pack,

With my hey scribble—hy scribble, ho!

But who can describe Robert Rumble's dismay,
When the 'Squire, after dinner, came smirking to say,
That, instead of the dog-horse, some hard-hearted wag
Had cut up, by mistake, Robert Rumble's lean nag,

With his hey scribble—hy scribble, ho!

But 'comfort yourself,' said the 'Squire to the Bard,

Hey scribble—hy scribble, ho!

'There's the dog-horse still standing alive in the yard,'

With my hey scribble—hy scribble, ho!

Then they saddled the dog-horse, and homeward he set,

So suspiciously eyed by each dog that he met,

That you'd swear, notwithstanding his cavalry airs,

They suspected the steed he was on should be *theirs*,

With my hey scribble—hy scribble, ho!

Arrived safe at home, to his pillow he jogs,

Hey scribble—hy scribble, ho!

And dreams all the night about critics and dogs,

With his hey scribble—hy scribble, ho!

His nag seem'd a Pegasus, touch'd in the wind,

And the curs were all wits, of the true Cynic kind,

Who, when press'd for a supper, must bite ere they sup,

And who ate Robert Rumble's poor Pegasus up,

With a hey scribble—hy scribble, ho!

Why, De Rosier!—Mr. De Rosier! I say—

Enter HENRY DE ROSIER, with a Book in his Hand.

Leath. What is the meaning of all this, Sir?
What have you been about? Do you mean to
ruin me?

De Ros. I ask pardon, Sir—I have been just looking over the last new publication, to see if it be fit for the young ladies at the boarding-school.

Leath. Which is as much as to say, Sir, that you would sooner ruin *me* than the young Ladies of the boarding-school! I am ashamed of you.

De Ros. I really thought, Sir, I had done every thing that—

Leath. Done, Sir! every thing's *undone*, Sir;—and I shall be so myself very soon. Here's books to go out, Sir, and they won't walk of themselves, will they? Here's *Tricks upon Travellers*, bespoke by Mrs. Ringwell, who keeps the Red Fox; and there's the *Road to Ruin* for the young 'Squire, that sets off for London to-night. Here are parcels too to go by the Coach—*Ovid's Art of Love* to be left at the *Transport Office*; and the *Lady of the Lake* to be delivered at the *Lying-in-Hospital*.

De Ros. We have had a new subscriber this morning, Sir—Miss Hartington.

Leath. (*Bustling among the Books on the counter.*) So much the better—hope she's a good one

—reads clean and neat—won't double down the corners, or favour us with proof impressions of her thumbs. Come ; put these volumes back in their places.—Lord ! Lord ! how my customers ill-use my books ! Here's nothing but scribbling in the *Lives of the Poets* ; and—dear me—the *World* all turn'd topsy-turvy by Miss Do-little ! There's our best set of *Public Characters* have been torn to pieces at the Good-natured Club ; and—bless me !—bless me !—how the *Wild Irish Girl* has been tossed and tumbled by Captain O'Callaghan ! There—that will do—now mind you don't stir from this till I come back ; I am just going to remind neighbour Rumble that he forgot to pay for the *Pleasures of Memory* ; and then I have to step to the pawnbroker's up street, to redeem the *Wealth of Nations*, which poor Mr. Pamphlet popped there for a five-and-six-penny dollar.—Bless me ! bless me ! how my customers ill-use my books ! [Exit.

De Ros. There is some little difference between this and the gay sphere I moved in, when Miss Hartington's beauty first disturbed my mind ; when, through the crowded world I saw but her

alone, and felt her influence even where she was not. Well—the short dream is over!—the support of a beloved mother must now sweeten the toil to which I am destined ; and he but little deserves the smile of Fortune, who has not the manliness to defy her frown. Besides, Heaven has blessed me with that happy imagination, which retains the impressions of past pleasure as the Bologna-stone treasures up sunbeams ; and the light of *one* joy scarcely ever faded from my heart, before I had somehow contrived to illuminate its place with *another*.

SONG.—*Henry de Rosier.*

Spirit of joy ! thy altar lies,
In youthful hearts that hope like mine,
And 'tis the light of laughing eyes
That leads us to thy fairy shrine.

There, if we find the sigh, the tear,
They are not those to sorrow known,
But breath so soft, and drops so clear,
That bliss may claim them for her own.

Then give me, give me, while I weep,
The sanguine hope that brightens woe,
And teaches even our tears to keep
The tinge of rapture while they flow.

The child, who sees the dew of night
Upon the spangled hedge at morn,

Attempts to catch the drops of light,
But wounds his finger with the thorn.

Thus oft the brightest joys we seek
Dissolve, when touch'd, and turn to pain;
The flush they kindle leaves the cheek,
The tears they waken long remain.

But give me, give me, while I weep,
The sanguine hope that brightens woe,
And teaches even our tears to keep
The tinge of rapture while they flow.

(*Looking out.*) 'Tis Miss Hartington herself—
and this way she comes—How shall I avoid her?
Yet, no? since hope is fled, come, honest pride!
to my relief, and let me meet my fate unshrink-
ingly. I must not, however, seem to know her;
nor let her, if possible, recognise me.

[*He retires to the counter.*]

Enter MISS HARTINGTON and SUSAN.

Miss Hart. Yes; there he is. How altered
from the lively, fashionable De Rosier!

Susan. I told you, Miss, what a figure he cuts;
but I'm glad to see he has taken the black pen
out of his ear.

Miss Hart. I surely ought to acknowledge him;

he will think me proud and cold if I do not.—
Mr. De Rosier—

Susan. *Mister*, indeed ! La ! Miss, you would not *Mister* a shopkeeper, would you ? Let me speak to him—Young man !

Miss Hart. (*Drawing Susan back.*) Hush ! Susan, for Heaven's sake.

De Ros. (*Coming forward.*) Is there any book, Madam, you wish me to look out for you ?

Miss Hart. No—Sir—but—

De Ros. On this shelf, Madam, lie the French Memoirs, which are, of course, not unknown to you—

Miss Hart. They are very interesting, but—

“ *De Ros.* Oh ! most particularly so (*turning*
“ *away from her, and talking rapidly.*)—While
“ history shows us events and characters, as they
“ appeared on the grand-theatre of public affairs,
“ these Memoirs conduct us into the green-room
“ of politics, where we observe the little intrigues
“ and jealousies of the actors, and witness the
“ rehearsal of those scenes which dazzle and de-
“ lude in representation.

"*Susan.* Ah! he wouldn't have talked politics
"to her so when he was a gentleman (*aside*).

"*Miss Hart.*" It was not for this purpose,
Mr. De Rosier, that—

De Ros. Oh, your pardon—Madam—then perhaps you prefer the Poets here (*pointing to another shelf*).

Susan. Lord, no, young man!—She hates poverty and all its kin, I assure you.

Miss Hart. I desire that you will be silent, Susan—he will think that we come to sport with his misfortunes.

De Ros. The few English Poets who have worshipped Love—(*He looks at Miss Hartington, and both become confused.*)

Susan. Oh ho!

De Ros. I must not forget myself—(*aside*). I was saying, Madam, that the few English Poets who have worshipped Love seem so coldly ignorant of his power and attributes, that the shrine which they raise to him might be inscribed, like the famous altar at Athens, 'to the unknown God.' "Cowley here, and Donne (*taking down two books*), are the chief of these unenlightened

“ idolaters ”—far from wishing us to *feel* what they write, they appear very unwilling that we should even *understand* it ; and having learned from mythology that Love is the child of Night, they visit upon the *son* all the coldest obscurity of the *parent*. “ There is nothing less touching “ than these quibbling, pedantic lovers, who seem “ to think that their mistresses, like the Queen of “ Sheba, are to be won by riddles.”

Miss Hart. I perceive that he is determined not to acknowledge me ; yet, if he could but know what is passing here (*laying her hand on her heart*) at this moment, he would not, perhaps, regret that Fate has disturbed the balance between us ; since just as much as *fortune* has *sunk* on *his* side, I feel that *love* has *risen* on *mine*.

Susan. La ! come away, Miss—I’m sure it can’t be proper things he’s saying to you ; for I never heard such rigmarole words in my born days.

De Ros. But here is a Poet born in a softer clime, who seems to breathe the true temperature of affection—the air of that habitable zone of the heart, which is equally removed from the bright

frost-work of sentiment on one side, and the tainting meridian of the senses on the other.

TRIO.—*Miss Hartington, Susan, and De Rosier.*

To sigh, yet feel no pain,
To weep, yet scarce know why;
To sport an hour with Beauty's chain,
Then throw it idly by;—
To kneel at many a shrine,
Yet lay the heart on none;
To think all other charms divine,
But those we just have won;—
This is love—careless love—
Such as kindleth hearts that rove.

To keep one sacred flame
Through life, unchill'd, unmoved;
To love, in wintry age, the same
That first in youth we loved;
To feel that we adore
To such refined excess,
That though the heart would break with *more*,
We could not live with *less*;
This is love—faithful love,—
Such as saints might feel above!

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Part of the Race-Ground.*

*A Crowd of Peasants, Hawkers, etc. among whom
are DAVY and LA FOSSE.*

SONG.—DAVY, and Chorus of Peasants.

COME, lads, life's a whirligig;
Round we whisk
With a joyous frisk,
And till death stops the turn of our twirligig,
Merry go round's the life for me.
You, standing surly there,
You, with the curly hair,
Dick, that's laughing here,
Tom, that's quaffing here,
You, too, my gipsy lass,
Spite of your lips, alas!
All must give up this world of glee.

Then come, lads, life's a whirligig;
Round we whisk
With a joyous frisk,
And till death stops the turn of our twirligig,
Merry go round's the life for me.
Time's short—but we'll have our fun of it;
Life a race is,
That tries our paces,
And, when mirth makes a good run of it,

Devil may take the hindmost for me.

Lads that love filling bowls,

Girls that have willing souls,

These can soothe the way,

Roll life smooth away.

While there's a glass to drink,

While there's a lass to wink,

Who would give up this world of glee?

So come, lads, life's a whirligig, etc. etc.

Davy. Come, lads, the races are just nigh to begin—There's John Bull going up the hill.—Two to one on John Bull—Dang it! that's my favourite horse (*looking out*).

La Fosse. Oui—certainly—that Bull is vare pretty horse.

Davy. Just look how noble-minded he steps. Old Monsieur here must be taken in for a bit of a bet, I think (*aside*).—Come, boys!—Oh, zounds! (*looking out*) here's my old litter of a *Lady*, as she calls herself; and now shall I be tied behind her all day, and not get a sight of John Bull or Cronyhotontollygos.—But I say, lads, stand before me a little—mayhap, as she ha'nt got her *tellumscope*, she'll not spy me out.

[*They stand round him.*

Enter LADY BAB *and* MISS SELWYN.

Miss S. Nay, my dear aunt—

Lady B. I tell you, Miss, my resolution is fixed—'pon my word, I believe you think I am like a *moveable pulley* in *mechanics*, to be twirled about just as suits your fancy.

Miss S. Oh Madam! if you did but see Captain Canvas—so unlike his brother!

Lady B. I don't care for that, Miss—I never did see him, nor ever will—that's categorical.

Davy. (*Behind.*) She says she won't see me—

Lady B. And as I perceive by your reveries, young Lady, that you think there is some chance of his arriving here, I will give positive orders that he shall not be admitted—no—not even within the *penumbra* of my roof.—Where's that fool Davy?

Davy. Here, my Lady (*coming forth from the crowd, who all run off laughing, except the Frenchman*).

Lady B. Why, what's all this, Sir?

Davy. Why, my Lady—you see—I ware only

giving a piece of my advice to this poor outlandish Mounseer here, not to let the knowing chaps trick him out of his half-pence at the Races.

La Fosse (*advancing with bows*). Oui—my Lady—Jean Bull—

Davy. Hush, mon! (*putting his hand on his mouth*.)

Lady B. Run home, fellow, instantly, and tell the servants, that if a gentleman of the name of Captain Canvas should call, he is to be told that we have given orders not to admit him—Captain Canvas, mind—Sir Charles's brother—and then return hither instantly to attend me to the Stand-House—Fly.

Davy. I fly, my Lady. (*He beckons to La Fosse to follow him, and exit.*)

La Fosse. Oui—certainly—but I cannot fly.—

[*Exit after Davy.*]

Lady B. I'll teach you, Miss, what it is to fall in love without consulting your relations.—I declare the young ladies of the present day shock me.—Quite *reversing* the qualities of what we chemists call the *perfect metals*, they are any

thing but *ductile*, and most shamefully *combustible*.—It was very different in *my* time.

Miss S. Nay, do not, dear aunt, take example by those times, when marriage was a kind of slave-trade, and when Interest carried her unfeeling commerce even into the warm latitudes of youth and beauty—No—let Love banish such traffic from his dominions, and let Woman, mistress of her freedom, resign it only with her—heart.

SONG.—*Miss Selwyn.*

Dear aunt ! in the olden time of love,
 When women like slaves were spurn'd,
 A maid gave her *heart*, as she would her *glove*,
 To be teased by a fop, and—return'd ;
 But women grow wiser as men improve,
 And though beaux like monkeys amuse us,
 Oh ! think not we'd give such a delicate gem
 As the heart, to be play'd with or sullied by them ;
 No—dearest aunt ! excuse us.

We may know by the head on Cupid's seal
 What impression the heart will take ;
 If shallow the head, oh ! soon we feel
 What a poor impression 'twill make.
 Though plagued, Heaven knows ! by the foolish zeal
 Of the fondling fop who pursues me,
 Oh ! think not I'd follow their desperate rule
 Who get rid of the folly by wedding the fool ;
 No!—dearest aunt ! excuse me.

Enter SIR CHARLES, in a hurry.

Sir C. Ladies—Ladies—Ladies—you'll be too late—you'll be too late.

Lady B. What! have the Races begun, Sir Charles?

Sir C. Begun? yes—to be sure they have begun—there's the high-blooded horse Regent has just started, and has set off in such a style as promises a race of glory!

DAVY enters.

“*Lady B.* Bless me! I wouldn't lose it for the world—Here, blockhead (*to Davy*), take this volume out of my pocket—'tis Professor Plod's Syllabus of a course of Lectures upon Lead. and much too heavy to walk up hills with. (*Gives him a large book.*) Now—Sir Charles.”

Sir C. Come—Madam—you'll be delighted—I am but just this moment come from the House—(I mean the Stand-House)—where the knowing-ones take different sides, you understand, according as they think a horse will be

" *in or out*—but upon this start they are all *nem.*
" *con.* and the universal cry from all sides is
" Regent against the field ! Huzza ! Huzza ! "

[*Exeunt.*

Davy. I say—Mounseer—Mounseer (*calling on La Fosse*). I must follow the old-one now—but do you, you see, come up behind the Stand-House by-and-by, just as if you had no concern, you know, and you and I will have a snug bet upon Cronyhotontollogyos. [Exit.

La Fosse. Ah ! oui—certainly—sure—good Master Davy—Dam rogue ! he want to get at my money—but, pardi ! he as well look for brains in' an oyster—Ah ! my money by all gone vid my cookery ! every ting but my poor tabatière here (*pauses, and looks with interest at his snuff-box*). Ah mon cher maître ! you vas fond of my cookery, and I vas grand artiste in dat vay, to be sure—but now, by gar, I am like to de barber widout customer, I have not even one sheep-head to dress—My Lady, Madame de Rosier, eat noting at all—young Monsieur de Rosier eat little *or* noting,—and moi, pauvre moi !

—I eat little *and* noting, just as it happen—Ah !
de Revolution destroy all de fine arts, and eating
among de rest ! [Retires.]

Enter CAPTAIN CANVAS.

Capt. C. Faithless, faithless sex ! your hearts are like the waves, that keep no trace of us when we have left them—another love soon follows in our wake, and the same bright embrace is ready for it.—My letter apprized her of my return, and yet here, instead of a smiling welcome, I find her doors are shut against me.—Brother ! Brother ! I could resign to you with ease the rank and fortune to which I am entitled—nay, even the brand of illegitimacy I could smile at ;—but to see you thus bear away from me the dearest object of my affections, is more than even this tough sailor's heart can endure.—My poor departed messmate ! like thine, alas ! has been my fate in love—like thine, too, be my destiny in death !

. SONG.—*Captain Canvas.*

When Charles was deceived by the maid he loved,
We saw no cloud his brow o'ercasting,
But proudly he smiled, as if gay and unmoved,
Though the wound in his heart was deep and lasting ;

And often at night, when the tempest roll'd,
 He sung as he paced the dark deck over,
 'Blow, wind, blow! thou art not so cold
 'As the heart of a maid that deceives her lover!'

Yet he lived with the happy, and seem'd to be gay,
 Though the wound but sunk more deep for concealing;
 And Fortune threw many a thorn in his way,
 Which, true to *one* anguish, he trod without feeling!
 And, still by the frowning of Fate unsubdued,
 He sung as if sorrow had placed him above her,
 'Frown, Fate, frown! thou art not so rude
 'As the heart of a maid that deceives her lover!'

At length his career found a close in death,
 The close he long wish'd to his cheerless roving,
 For Victory shone on his latest breath,
 And he died in a cause of his heart's approving.
 But still he remember'd his sorrow,—and still
 He sung, till the vision of life was over,
 'Come, death, come! thou art not so chill
 'As the heart of the maid that deceived her lover!'

I must find out De Rosier—They told me, at his former lodgings in town, that he had retired hither for his health—Pray, friend, can you direct me to the house of Mr. Leatherhead, the bookseller?

La Fosse. Ah! oui—Sare—yes—vare, well indeed—dat is vare my young master is bound up in a shopman (*aside*).

Capt. C. Does a gentleman of the name of De Rosier lodge there ?

La Fosse. Oui—Sare—he lodge there in the shop.

Capt. C. The shop !

La Fosse. Yes—Sare—in de shop—pon de bookshelf, yat you call—

Capt. C. Oh ! I understand you—always among the books—I know De Rosier is of a studious turn—He does not then see much company, I suppose ?

La Fosse. Pardon—Monsieur—all de young ladies of dis place make visit to him exactement as they come out of de water.

Capt. C. Indeed ?

La Fosse. Oh ! yes—he have de name of all de pretty little girl down in von book.

Capt. C. Happy De Rosier ! who can thus trifle away your time in those light gallantries, which require so little expenditure of feeling to maintain them, and for which the loose coin of the senses is sufficient, without drawing upon the capital of the heart—while I—Oh, Harriet

Selwyn ! what a rich mine of affection have you slighted !

La Fosse. Dis way, Sare. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Circulating Library.*

Enter SUSAN and DE ROSIER.

Susan. (*Looking at a bank-note.*)—Well, I purtest, Sir, you are quite yourself again—and if you had but a three-corner hat on you now, you'd be just as much a gentleman as ever.

De Ros. Come then—now—my good Susan—do tell me what are those little favourable symptoms, which you think you have discovered for me in your mistress.

Susan. Why, in the first place, she says so often you are not worth thinking of, that it is very plain she thinks of nothing else—And then she is as jealous of you——

De Ros. Nay, Susan, there you mock me—jealous of me !—these books are my only mistresses ; and fashionable ones they are, I grant, for they circulate through half the town.

Susan. These books, indeed! no—no—Mr. De Rosy—for all you look so modest, we have found out the lady in the cottage down the lane, so we have—She that was smuggled over to you, you know, from France.

De Ros. My mother, by all that is excellent! (*aside*)—and she is jealous of me, is she? Did she trace me to the cottage herself? What does she say of it? tell me—tell me quick, dear Susan (*with impatience*).

Susan. Well, if ever I saw any thing so audacious—he does not even deny it—hasn't even the virtue to tell a lie about it—I'll be hanged if I don't now believe every word they said about you last night at the tea party.

De Ros. Why—what did they say, good Susan?—oh, happiness unexpected! (*aside*.)

Susan. They said you had as many wives as the great Cram of Tartary; that your Lady in the lane was a French Duchess or thereabouts, that smuggled herself over to you in a large packing-case, purtending to be crockery-ware—pretty crockery, indeed!

De Ros. This discovery gives me new life—jealous of me!

Susan. There—if he isn't quite proud of the discovery! oh ravery! ravery! but I'll go and tell it all to my mistress—Lord! Lord! what will the times come to, when Duchesses are sent about, like *other* brittle ware, in packing-cases?

[*Exit Susan.*]

De Ros. Jealousy! thou shadow from Love's form, which still the darker falls the warmer light he moves in—her heart has felt thee, then—Happy, happy De Rosier!—It may be folly perhaps to feel so happy, but Wisdom herself can do no more—and there is nothing in life like that sweet philosophy, which softens all that is painful, and enhances all that is pleasant, by making the best of the one, and the most of the other.

[*Exit.*]

Enter LEATHERHEAD.

Leath. (*Calling.*) Mr. de Rosier! Why, De Rosier, I say.—If this young Frenchman keeps me bawling after him this way, I shall split my voice into two, like *Orator Puff*, of the Debating

Society, whose eloquence is a happy mixture of bubble and squeak—and who begins all his sentences in the garret, and ends them in the cellar (*mimicking*).

SONG.—*Leatherhead.*

Mr. Orator Puff had two tones in his voice,
The one squeaking *thus*, and the other down *so* ;
In each sentence he uttered he gave you your choice,
For one half was B alt, and the rest G below.
Oh ! oh ! Orator Puff,
One voice for one orator's surely enough.

But he still talk'd away, spite of coughs and of frowns,
So distracting all ears with his *ups*, and his *downs*,
That a Wag once, on hearing the orator say
'My voice is for war,'—ask'd him, 'Which of them, pray ?'
Oh ! oh ! etc.

Reeling homewards one evening, top-heavy with gin,
And rehearsing his speech on the weight of the Crown,
He tripp'd near a saw-pit, and tumbled right in,
'Sinking Fund' the last words as his noddle came down.
Oh ! oh ! etc.

'Good Lord !' he exclaim'd, in his he-and-she tones,
'Help me out—help me out—I have broken my bones !'
'Help you out !' said a Paddy who pass'd, 'what a bother !'
'Why, there's two of yon there ; can't yon help one another ?'
Oh ! oh ! etc.

Oh, you are here, Sir, are you ?

Enter DE ROSIER, with printed sheets in his hand.

Leath. So—So—a specimen of my new print—

ing-press—A bright thought of mine, Mr. Thing-o-me, wasn't it, eh?

De Ros. Oh! excellent—Sir (*laughing*).

Leath. I think so—Poet Rumble here must have sent to London, if I couldn't print for him.

De Ros. Oh! most inconvenient, Sir,—his Pindarics must have gone by the waggon, and his Epigrams by the long heavy coach—Ha! ha! ha!

Leath. Ha! ha! ha!—Damn the fellow, I believe he is laughing at my printing-press (*aside*). But let's see—let's see—how goes on my new compositor?

De Ros. Why, pretty well—Sir—he generally puts one word in place for another, which, in poetry like Mr. Rumble's, does not make much difference. Indeed, as in the *militia*, the substitute is always a better man than the principal, so here in the *line*—I mean Mr. Dactyl's line, Sir; you'll excuse me—ha! ha! ha!

Leath. Curse the grinning puppy! I wish the types were down his throat, large Roman letters and all (*aside*).

De Ros. Allow me to give you an instance or two, Sir, of your printer's happy deviation from the copy—(reads) '*The dear and fragrant sigh of infancy,*' he has converted into a '*dire and flagrant sign of infamy ;*'—'*sweets of morning,*' he has turned into '*suits of mourning ;*' and '*haunted by all the mellow dreams of Horace,*' he has made '*hunted by all the melo-drames of horses !*' Ha ! ha ! ha !

Leath. Ha ! ha !—Impudent rascal ! how merry he is !—but I'll teach him to take liberties with the press, the jacobin ! He'd give his eyes to go to the Races—I know he would ; but I'll not let him—I'll go there myself to spite him—I'll give him a job, too, that my gentleman won't like (*aside*).—Here you, Mr. Scholar—here's some books to go to Lady Bab Blue's library, and you must take and arrange them for her.

De Ros. What ! I, Sir ?

Leath. Yes—you, Sir,—and leave the porter to look after the shop. She is a lady of learning, they say, and ought to have a *critic* to wait on her—Happy to recommend you for that situation—

She might like to have a reviewer on her establishment—Fifty pounds a year and the run of the kitchen—Sorry to part with you—but—(*all this time Leatherhead is at the counter arranging the books*).

Enter CAPT. CANVAS and LA FOSSE.

Capt. C. (*Starting at seeing DE ROSIER.*) De Rosier! for Heaven's sake, what is the meaning—

De Ros. Hush! and I'll tell you all presently.

Leath. Who is that, eh?

De Ros. Merely a gentleman, Sir, who wishes to see our catalogue.

Leath. And who is that foreign-looking thief, that stands grinning at you there?

De Ros. Oh! that—Sir—is—What shall I say to get a few moments' explanation with Canvas? (*aside.*) That, Sir, is a French man of letters, who, having heard of your new printing-press, is come to engage with you as a translator. (*Retires to the back of the stage with CAPT. C.*)

Leath. Translator! himself an original quite

—must talk to him, though,—Servant, Sir—well acquainted, I'm told, with the learned tongues?

La Fosse. Ah! he have heard of my cookery—*(aside)*—Oui—certainly, Sare,—dress de tongue à merveille—and de sauce! by gar you would eat your fader with it. *

Leath. Eat my father! what the devil does he mean?

La Fosse. You like it, Sare, done English way?

Leath. Yes—yes—done into English, to be sure—and let it be something that will go down, you know.

La Fosse. Ah! pardi—he will go down fast enough *(laying his hand on his stomach)*—Den, Sare, I can make you de finest nick-nack out of noting at all.

Leath. How well he understands the art of authorship! *(aside.)*

La Fosse. Hash up de old ting like new—

Leath. Right—book-making!

La Fosse. Vid plenty salt.

Leath. Attic—bravo!

* A cette sauce-là on mangeroit son père.

L'Almanach des Gourmands.

La Fosse. Vare much acid—

Leath. Satiric—excellent!

La Fosse. And den de little someting varm and piquante for de ladies—

Leath. Oh! it will do—it will do (*throwing his arms round LA FOSSE*)—I am so lucky to meet you—But let's see (*looks at his watch*)—Have you any objection, Sir, to walk towards the race-ground? We may talk of these matters on the way.

La Fosse. Oui,—sure—certainly—though pardi, Sare, your conversation give me appetite enough widout de walk.

Leath. Oh! you flatter me, Sir—

La Fosse. Après vous, Monsieur—

[*Exeunt ceremoniously.*]

[*CAPT. CANVAS and DE ROSIER come forward.*]

Capt. C. But why did you not answer my letter, and acquaint me with this fall of your fortunes?

De Ros. The truth is, my dear Canvas, I have such an aversion to letter-writing, that I have sometimes thought the resolution of Sir Phelim O'Neal, never to answer any thing but a *challenge*,

was the only *peaceable* way of getting through life. But let us not talk of misery—love is our only theme.

Capt. C. And that way lies *my* misery—Oh! if I could but see the faithless girl once more, I'd take a last and eternal farewell—fly to my ship—forget the very name of woman—and, like the Doge of Venice, marry myself to the sea.

De Ros. Her aunt, Lady Bab, you say, has forbidden you the house!

Capt. C. Positively excludes me.

De Ros. Heaven send she may do me the same favour—"But though her Ladyship is not at home to *Love*, she seldom refuses the visits of *Learning*, an acquaintance whom she treats ceremoniously, not being on very familiar terms with him"—There lie *my* letters of introduction to her presence (*pointing to a parcel on the counter*).

Capt. C. What! those books?

De Ros. Yes—those books, "which are as welcome and about as useful to her Ladyship as an opera-glass to a South-Sea islander."

Capt. C. But what did you say of an introduction to her presence?

De Ros. Why, simply, that my master has inflicted upon me the honour of carrying that parcel to Lady Bab's library, and if *you* have the least ambition for the employment, I will *depute* it to you with all my soul—happy if, like other great men, I may be the means of making the fortune of my deputy, and if *carrying out books* should prove as profitable to you as *keeping books* has been to many others.

Capt. C. 'Tis an excellent thought; I thank you from my heart for it.

De Ros. You are not serious, Canvas?

Capt. C. Never was more serious in my life.

De Ros. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Why, what will your ship's-company think of you when they hear you have turn'd bookseller and stationer?

Capt. C. No matter—it will give me an opportunity of seeing her once more, and of returning into her hands this long-loved picture, whose colours, though fleeting, have not faded like her affections.

De Ros. Very pretty, faith!—But I think I could match it—Where the deuce!—(*searching his pockets, and then going to a corner of the library*)—Oh! here it is—hid under the *Baisers* of *Dorat*—covered, as it ought to be, with a whole volume of kisses! (*produces a miniature.*) There—I have as little right to that *copy*, as any other man but myself has, in *my* opinion, to the *original*—It was done by my friend *Crayon*, from his own miniature of Miss Hartington, and I ran away with it—Prometheus *had* the image, when he stole the flame—but I, being provided with the *flame* (*laying his hand on his heart*), stole the image.

Capt. C. (*Looking at his own miniature.*) How many ghosts of departed promises haunt those faithless lips!

De Ros. (*Looking at his.*) And how many little unfledged hopes lie nestling in that dimpled smile!

DUET.—*Captain Canvas and De Rosier.*

Capt. C. Here is the lip that betray'd,

De Ros. Here is the blue eye that warm'd;

Capt. C. Lips for bewildering made!

De Ros. Eyes for enamouring form'd!

- Both.* While on her features I gaze,
And trace every love-moulded line,
Capt. C. Memory weeps o'er the days
When I fancied her faithfully mine.
De Ros. Hope bids me dream of bright days,
And fancy her faithfully mine.
- De Ros.* Here is the glance that inspired—
Capt. C. Here is the blush that deceived;
De Ros. Glances too wildly admired!
Capt. C. Blushes too fondly believed!
Both. While on her features, etc. etc.

De Ros. But come—if you mean to be my deputy, there is no time to lose—Give me your coat.

Capt. C. What! must I—

De Ros. Of course, my dear fellow (*taking off Capt. C.'s coat*); though the lady herself is as blue as indigo, your coat need not be of the same livery with her stockings.

Capt. C. Where do you mean to hide my uniform?

De Ros. Here—behind this large History of England—and I believe it is the first time that any thing *naval* has ever been *kept out of sight* by an English historian.—Now put on this apron—Does Lady Bab know you?

Capt. C. Never has seen me.

De Ros. So much the better—I have no doubt she will be taken with your scientific appearance—and you may tell her you are versed in the *Cannon Law*, you know.—Now for the books—“God help you, if she should take a fancy to read any of these folios to you.

“*Capt. C.* I should never stand that—Like a reprobate Quaker, I should be soon *read out* of the meeting.”

“*De Ros.*” There—there’s a hat for you, and now be off.

Capt. C. Thanks, dear *De Rosier*; it is consoling to think, that though Love should break off *one* arm of Hope’s anchor, there is yet another left for Friendship, upon whose hold my heart may rely. [Exit.

(During this scene, *Capt. C.* puts on *De Rosier’s* shop-jacket, into the pocket of which *De Rosier* had, at the end of the duet, put his own miniature—*Capt. C.*, when about to change, lays his miniature on the counter.)

De Ros. Poor Canvas!—Let me see (approaching the counter)—Hey-dey! what’s this?—by all that’s perplexing, he has left his mistress’s minia-

ture behind him, and taken away mine with him in his pocket.—Hollo ! hollo !. (*calling after him*) —It is too late to catch him, and this exchange of mistresses may be fatal to us both.—But away with apprehension ! I will not, this day, let one dark thought come near me. Oh woman ! woman ! who is there would live without the hope of being loved by thee ?

SONG.—*De Rosier.*

When life looks lone and dreary,
 What light can dispel the gloom ?
 When Time's swift wing grows weary,
 What charm can refresh his plume ?
 'Tis Woman, whose sweetness beameth
 O'er all that we feel or see ;
 And if man of Heaven e'er dreameth,
 'Tis when he thinks purely of thee,
 Oh, Woman !

Let conquerors fight for glory,—
 Too dearly the meed they gain ;
 Let patriots live in story,—
 Too often they die in vain.
 Give kingdoms to those who choose 'em,
 This world can offer to me
 No throne like Beauty's bosom,
 No freedom like serving thee,
 Oh, Woman !

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Madame De Rosier's Cottage.*

Enter LA FOSSE.

La Fosse. Diable t'emporte, you big book-seller—vid your tongues and your bacon—and après tout—after all—his Bacon turn out to be an old dead Chancellor—morbleu!—and ven I tell him I vas *Cook*—by gar, he begin beat me, as I do de young live pig to make him tender—Ah! here is my maîtresse—and vat de devil old beggarman she got vid her?

Enter MADAME DE ROSIER and MR. HARTINGTON.

Mad. De Ros. I am afraid, my poor man, those rude servants must have hurt you.—

Mr. Hart. They might have hurt me, Madam, had you not kindly opened your door and admitted me.

Mad. De Ros. I am sure their master, whoever he may be, would have punished them for their rudeness, if he had seen them.

Mr. Hart. I do not know *that*, Madam—there is such congeniality in the pursuits of modern

masters and their servants, that we can hardly expect more civilization from the *amateur* coachman than from the *professor*.

Mad. De Ros. You seem to want refreshment—sit down, and you shall have something—(*He sits down*)—Here, La Fosse—bring this poor man some cold meat.

La Fosse. Oui—my Lady—Ah! dat is the way all my cookery goes (*aside, and exit*).

Mad. De Ros. You have seen better days, I doubt not.

Mr. Hart. And so have you, Lady—if rightly I can conjecture from those manners, which, like the ornaments of a fallen capital, may be traced long after the pillar on which it stood is broken.

Enter LA FOSSE (bringing in a Tray with cold Meat, etc.).

La Fosse. Here is de little beef for him—Ah! if ma pauvre maitresse had de larder so large as her heart, de ugly malady of starving would be soon banish from the world like de small-pock (*lays it on the table and exit*).

Mr. Hart. My words seem to affect you, Lady.

Mad. De Ros. I know not why they should—'tis but a languor of spirits arising from ill health.

Mr. Hart. (*At the table, while she is standing forward.*) I see it—'tis the heart's ill-health—the pang of honest pride struggling with poverty.

Mad. de Ros. (*Turning round.*) Nay, prithee, eat, my good man.

Mr. Hart. Thanks, Lady,—I am quite refreshed (*rises*)—and now, forgive me if I ask how long you may have felt this illness under which you suffer?

Mad. de Ros. Not very long—and, in truth, so many have been my hours of health and cheerfulness, that I feel as if I had already shared my full proportion of blessings, and can thank Heaven for the balm that has been at the top of my cup, even while I drain the bitterness that lies at the bottom.

Mr. Hart. O Patience! how thy smile adorns adversity! (*aside.*) You may think it presumptuous, Madam, that one so poor and humble as I am should venture to prescribe a remedy for the languor that oppresses your spirits; but——

Mad. de Ros. Alas! my good man! 'tis far

beyond the reach of art even more refined than yours.

Mr. Hart. Pardon me, Lady.—During the wandering life I have led among the poor and wretched, and the various sicknesses of heart and spirits which I have met with, I have frequently witnessed the efficacy of one simple medicine, which, if delicately administered, seldom fails to remove at least a part of the pressure under which the patient languishes.

Mad. de Ros. Some village charm, I doubt not—but I must indulge the poor old man (*aside*).

Mr. Hart. There is a portion of it in this small bag—'tis what the old philosophers looked for in crucibles, and what the modern ones think they have found in paper-mills.—Too large a dose of it is apt to make the head giddy; and, in some temperaments, it produces a restless itching in the hands, which requires a constant application of the medicine to that part.—When this symptom breaks out in *certain* ranks of life, the operation of the drug has been found to be ruinous to the *Constitution*.

Mad. de Ros. (smiling.) It seems to be rather a desperate remedy you recommend me.

Mr. Hart. No—Lady, *you* may take it safely—When prescribed by “friendship or” humanity for the relief of those we “esteem or” compassionate, it is then indeed a precious balsam whose cordial not only refreshes the heart of him who *takes*, but whose fragrance long lingers on the hand of him who *administers* it.—There—open it when I am gone—and before it is exhausted, you shall be furnished with a fresh supply.

Enter LA FOSSE, hastily.

La Fosse. Oh Madam! Madam!—here is a gentleman have driven himself and his carriage into de ditch—and de coachman and de rest of the *inside* passenger have been pull out of de window.

Mad. de Ros. Is there any one hurt?

La Fosse. Only de gentleman's head a little crack, I believe—mais—le voici—here he come.

Enter SIR CHARLES CANVAS.

Sir C. Curse that awkward post!—caught in the forewheel and spilt me off the dickey—Just

the way in *the House*, though—when a Member arrives at a *post*, he always *vacates* his *seat* immediately.

Mad. de Ros. I hope, Sir, you have not suffered any serious injury.

Sir C. Not much—Ma'am—head a little *out of order*, as we say—all owing to the spirit of my leaders—Greys, Madam—fine creatures—Your *Greys* make excellent leaders in *Opposition* coaches.—Ah ! my old gauger—that-is-to-be, how d'ye do ? Don't remember me, eh ?

Mr. Hart. Oh ! yes, Sir—you call yourself Sir Charles Canvas. (*Madam De Rosier starts, and looks earnestly at Sir Charles.*)

Sir C. Call myself ! damn the fellow—doubts my claim, I suppose (*aside*).

Mad. De Ros. It cannot surely be the same ! (*aside.*)

Sir C. I say, my old boy, I have a little job for you—Do you like *jobs* ? no getting on without them—I shall want you, in a day or two, to deliver a letter for me to Miss Hartington.

Mr. Hart. To Miss Harting—

Sir C. Mum—I have every reason to suspect that little Tory has taken a fancy to me.

Mr. Hart. To you, Sir! (*with contemptuous surprise.*)

Sir C. To me, Sir! yes, Sir—to me, Sir—to Sir Charles Canvas, Bart. M. P. son and heir to the late Sir William Canvas, of Huntborough Hall, Cornwall.

Mad. De Ros. It is indeed the same—the eldest son of my dear friend, Lady Canvas (*aside*).

Sir C. And, between ourselves, it is not impossible but the *measure* of an *Union* might be carried—However, say nothing about the matter at present—as I am just now *candidate* in another quarter; but if I don't like *the state of the poll*, dam'me but I'll cut, and be returned *Member* for *Hartington* (*slapping Mr. H. on the back*).

Mr. Hart. This fellow's impudence is intolerable (*aside*). But are you then so sure, Sir, of being accepted by Miss Hartington?

Sir C. Oh! no doubt of it—women can't refuse—they'd never do for *the House*—couldn't say *no* for the lives of them—but—mum—my old

fellow—that's all—and call upon me to-morrow at the boarding-house.

Mr. Hart. I have no doubt, Sir, that the compliment which you intend Miss Hartington will be felt by her exactly as it deserves (*significantly*)—and be assured no effort of mine shall be wanting to impress her with a *proper* understanding of its value. [Exit.

Sir C. Well said, my old boy,—(*Madame De Rosier approaches*)—Ask pardon, Madam—a little *Secret Committee* with my *Honourable Friend* in fragments here.

Mad. De Ros. Not so secret, Sir Charles, as to prevent me from discovering that I have the honour of receiving under my roof the son of one of my best and earliest friends, Lady Canvas.

Sir C. Oh! you knew my mother, Madam; an excellent woman, as women go, certainly.

Mad. De Ros. I knew her in Paris, when she was married, and was the only friend to whom she entrusted it—we were in the same hotel together when you were born.

Sir C. The devil! she mistakes me for my

eldest brother—I don't quite like this (*aside*). You are wrong, Madam—My mother was not exactly what you call—married, you know, till she came to England.

Mad. De Ros. Pardon me, Sir Charles—I was present at the ceremony—

Sir C. Present! I'm ruined—like a lost Bill—negatived, thrown out, and sent to the pastry-cook's (*aside*)—yet stay—I'm safe yet—one witness won't do—no—no—'twon't do, Madam (*turning round to Mad. De Rosier, he is caught round the neck by La Fosse, to whom, during Sir C.'s speech aside, Mad. De Rosier had whispered something*).

La Fosse.—Ah! my dear little Master Canvas—bless my soul—how vare often I have pinch you little ear, when you not dis high, and you squawl and squawl, and vish me at de devil!

Sir C. I'm sure I wish you there now with all my heart—what *shall* I do? (*aside*.)

Mad. De Ros. This faithful old servant, Sir Charles, was likewise at your mother's wedding.

Sir C. And what infernal—I say, Madam, what strange fate has brought you both here?

Mad. De Ros. Upon my return to France last year, I found that my husband the Comte de Rosier was dead—that his money had been all embezzled, and his estates confiscated—my dear son, Henry (whom you may have seen at the library) was the only comfort left me, and upon his industry we now depend for our humble, yet sufficient, maintenance.

Sir C. So—So—the young emigrant at the library—I have it (*aside*). Your son's name, you say, is Henry De Rosier? (*takes out his tablets, and writes.*)

Mad. De Ros. Yes, Sir.

Sir C. Aged?—

Mad. De Ros. About one-and-twenty.

Sir C. 'Aged one—and twenty—middle size—fair complexion—' (*writing*).

La Fosse. Ah de brave homme! he mean to patronage my young master!

Sir C. Glad to have the particulars—must send information to the *Alien Office* immediately—

Mad. De Ros. For Heaven's sake, Sir Charles, what is it you mean?

Sir C. Your son Henry, Madam—a very sus-

picious character—must be got rid of—unpleasant office for me—but must do my duty.

Mad. De Ros. My unfortunate boy! what can he have done!

Sir C. Nothing overt, as yet, perhaps—but quite enough to be suspected of being suspicious.—“ Doctor Shufflebottom and some dowagers of distinction have long had their eyes on him—“ he has been caught laughing at a novel of Voltaire’s, and has even been seen to yawn over a loyal pamphlet of Doctor Shufflebottom’s—“ an incendiary quite!

“ *Mad. De Ros.* Oh Sir! I will answer with my life that, whatever imprudence my Henry may have been guilty of, his heart is in the right; his heart is always in the right.

“ *Sir C.* Very likely—but we politicians have nothing to do with the heart—must send him off—and that ugly old sinner there with him.”—Shall go now and write to the *Alien Office*.

Mad. De Ros. (*Kneeling.*) For pity’s sake, Sir Charles! by the memory of your dear mother, I entreat you.

Sir C. I have her now (*aside*). As to that,

Madam, though always rigid in my public duties, yet when so fair a *petitioner humbly showeth*, I am as easily *moved* as—the *question of adjournment* (*raises her*)—and there is one condition upon which I consent to let your son remain safely behind his counter.

Mad. De Ros. Name it—Sir—name it.

Sir C. Simply this—that you never betray to man, woman, or child, the secret of my mother's marriage in Paris.

Mad. de Ros. Though ignorant of your motive, Sir Charles, most willingly do I promise—(*trample without*)—and here is my poor Henry himself.

Sir C. Does *he* know it?

Mad. De Ros. I have never mentioned it to him.

Sir C. Mum—then—that's all.

Enter DE ROSIER.

De Ros. I have stolen one moment from business, to tell my dear mother of my happiness—What! in tears, mother? and Sir Charles Canvas here?—What is the meaning of this?

Mad. De Ros. Nothing, Henry, we were merely talking of some old——(*Sir Charles shows the tablets secretly to her, and checks her.*) This gentleman—I mean—has met with an accident, at our door, and it has alarmed me.

De Ros. There is some mystery in this, which must be explained to me—*La Fosse!* (*La Fosse nods significantly towards Sir Charles, and exit.*)—Sir Charles! I perceive plainly that your intrusion is the cause of this embarrassment, and, notwithstanding my respect for your eldest brother, Captain Canvas, whom I have the honour to call my friend, and of whose title and fortune you have—I will not say how generously) possessed yourself——

Mad. De Ros. This, then, was the motive—Oh, Henry! (*She is going towards him, when Sir Charles seizes her hand, and reads the tablets in an under voice to her.*)

Sir C. ‘Aged twenty-one—middle size—fair complexion——’

De Ros. Come—Madam—you must not stay here to be insulted—Another time, Sir Charles, I shall know the meaning of your conduct—I *did*

think, Sir, that you modern men of fashion, when coming to a domestic sanctuary like this, could leave your arrogance at the club, and your vulgarity at the race-ground—but I find that, in the circle of social life, you are as *misplaced* as monkeys in a flower garden, having just *strength* enough to trample on what is *delicate*, and just *wit* enough to ruin what is *beautiful*.

[*Exeunt Mad. De Rosier and Henry.*

Sir C. Hear him! hear him!—That young gentleman has a taste for oratory—would cut a figure upon a *Turnpike Bill*—Flatter myself, however, I have muzzled the principal witness—“and my brother, a careless fellow, will never think of sifting the matter when he returns, but pocket the affront, and away to sea again.”—As to *fighting*, my young Mr. Emigrant (for you seemed to *give notice of a motion* to that effect), before I fight, I must *consult my constituents*, as I hold it *unpatriotic* to do any thing without their *instructions*. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*An Antichamber at Lady Bab Blue's.*

LADY BAB, and CAPTAIN CANVAS in his disguise, arranging the books in a large book-case—MISS SELWYN and DAVY—the latter a little tipsy.

Lady B. Come hither—you stupid Davy—and assist this young man to arrange the books—Foh, fellow! your breath smells like *hydrogen*.

Davy. Hydergin—gin—gin—(*hiccups*)—Ecod, so it was gin, sure enough—How well the old toad knows the smell of it! (*aside.*)

Lady B. (*To Davy.*) Here—put up these two volumes of *Sallust*—That is the *Jugurthine*, and that the *Cataline*.

Davy. (*Spelling the letters on the back.*) T. O. M. Tom, C. A. T. Cat, Tom Cat—Come, I guess now, that's something deuced comical.—(*Spells the other.*) T. O. M., J. U. G., Tom's Jug.—Ah! that's the larning, after all.

Capt. C. One word with her will be sufficient—Miss Selwyn! Miss Selwyn! (*apart to Miss S.*)

Miss S. Good Heavens! is it possible? Captain Canvas!

Capt. C. Be not alarmed, Madam—I come not to interrupt your happiness, by disputing my brother's claim to that inheritance which Miss Selwyn is so worthy and so *willing* to share with him—I come merely to return this picture into your hands, and (what I cannot think you will regret) to bid you farewell for ever !

[*He returns to the book-case.*

Miss S. What can he mean? ‘Worthy and *willing* to share his brother's fortune!’—My picture, too, returned! (*opens it*)—Yet—no—no—can I believe my eyes?—It is—it *is* Miss Hartington.—Oh! this accounts for her confusion, when I mentioned his name—her sighs, when she acknowledged that she knew him.—False, cruel man! to insult me thus with the display of her love-gifts—But I'll—Oh! that his brother were here now—I could even do my heart a violence to be revenged of him.

Lady B. Why, what are you about, young man? (*to Capt. Canvas, who has been employed at the book-case.*) You are mixing up my science with all sorts of rubbish—Here's *Thoughts upon Gravity* on the same shelf with *Broad Grins*; and

—as I live!—*Sir Isaac Newton* in the corner with *Betsy Thoughtless*!

Enter SIR CHARLES.

Sir C. Oh, dear ladies! I have had the saddest tumble off my dicky—exactly such as happened to me last spring—you recollect—immediately after the *snows* and the *Parliament* had *dissolved* away, and the *new Ministers* were just budding into *patronage* and *majorities*.

Miss S. Dear Sir Charles, you alarm me beyond expression (*affecting anxiety about him*).

Sir C. ‘Dear Sir Charles!’ Ho! ho! She begins to trim, I find (*aside*).

Capt. C. (Behind.) Perfidious girl!

Lady B. and Miss S. (On each side of Sir C.)
No material hurt, I hope?

Sir C. Not much—head a little discomposed—but it was this that saved me (*striking the crown of his hat*)—*The Crown* is the best friend to us M. P.s, after all—But don’t be alarmed, ladies—I am not so ill but that I shall be able to attend you to the Lottery at the Library; and afterwards,

if you will allow me, to Miss Hartington's card-party.

FINALE TO THE SECOND ACT.

Lady Bab Blue, Miss Selwyn, Captain Canvas,
Sir C. Canvas, and Davy.*

Capt. C. The last gleam of hope is vanish'd now,
Misery's night surrounds me.

Davy. I could read mighty well, if they'd just show me
how,

But this printing like quite confounds me.

Miss S. The pain in your head, is it better? oh tell.

Capt. C. The pain in my heart who can tell?

Sir C. C. Pretty well—it may swell.

Davy. I can spell—very well—F. E. double L.

Miss S. Think if aught should harm thee,
How it would alarm me.

Capt. C. Patience! arm me.

Let not anger warm me.

Miss S. How I should deplore thee!

Tenderly weep o'er thee!

Capt. C. None will e'er adore thee

With the love I bore thee.

Oh! happier, happier he,

Whose heart is cold to thee.

Miss S. } Oh! happy, happy we,

Lady B. } Thy safe return to see.

Davy. }

Sir C. C. I'm happy, Ma'am, to see

Your kind concern for me.

* Captain Canvas, during this Finale, must keep as far back as possible, and appear carefully to avoid the eyes of Sir Charles.

- Capt. C.* { Can Falsehood then boast of her power to destroy,
and { And not even blush o'er the ruins of joy?
Miss S. { Can hearts leave the load-star they used to obey,
 { And not even tremble in turning astray?
 *(Davy, who has been fixing books upon the
 shelves, lets a large parcel of them, at this
 moment, fall about his ears.)*
- Davy.* Dang it! what a clatter!
 How my head they batter!
- Capt. C.* Booby! what's the matter?
 How the books you scatter!
- Lady B.* See! you awkward lout,
 My ancients thrown about;
 My wits all tumbling from above!
- Davy.* If larning be about
 As hard inside as out,
 'Twould soon get through my scull, by Jove!
- Capt. C.* }
and }
Miss S. } Farewell—farewell—to hope, joy, and love!

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Circulating Library.*

LADY BAB BLUE, SIR CHARLES CANVAS, MISS SELWYN,
MISS HARTINGTON, SUSAN, *and a motley group
of persons, are discovered attending the Draw-
ing of a Lottery, which LEATHERHEAD is busied
about behind the counter.—Various Prizes are
lying upon the counter.*

SONG, RECITATIVE, DUET, CHORUS, etc.

SONG.—*Susan.*

A LOTTERY, a Lottery,
In Cupid's court there used to be.
Two roguish eyes
The highest prize
In Cupid's scheming Lottery ;
And kisses too,
As good as new,
Which were not very hard to win,
For he who won
The eyes of fun
Was sure to have the kisses in.

Chor. A Lottery, etc.

This Lottery, this Lottery,
 In Cupid's court went merrily,
 And Cupid play'd
 A Jewish trade
 In this his scheming Lottery;
 For hearts, I'm told,
 In *shares* he sold
 To many a fond believing drone,
 And cut the hearts
 In sixteen parts.
 So well, each thought the *whole* his own!

Chor. A Lottery, a Lottery,
 In Cupid's court there used to be,
 Two roguish eyes
 The highest prize,
 In Cupid's scheming Lottery.

RECITATIVE AND SONG.—*Leatherhead.*

Ladies and Gentlemen—Gentlemen and Ladies—Go not to
 Cupid's court;
 For (whatever the young woman may say) 'tis a place of very
 bad resort.

AIR.

But mine is the Lottery—hasten to me;
 Here's scissors and satires, as sharp as can be :—
 Here's a drawing of Cork—here's a cork-screw for wine,
 Here are pills for the cough—and here's Gibbon's "Decline;"—
 Here's a bright carving knife—here's a learned Review—
 Here's an Essay on Marriage, and here's a Cuckoo.

CHORUS.

Our Lottery—our Lottery—
 Ye youths and maidens, come to me!

'Tis ne'er too late
To try your fate
In this our lucky Lottery.

Leath. Thanks, ladies and gentlemen, for your attendance this evening—hope for *your* patronage, Madam (*to Lady Bab*)—Have every thing in your way “that has appeared since *Nebuchadnezzar’s* “Work upon *Grasses*—Clever book that, Ma’am.

“*Lady B.* I cannot say that I have ever “seen it.

“*Leath.* ’Pon my soul, nor I (*aside*).”—Have got a new printing-press, Ma’am; would be glad to have some of your *Flights of Fancy*—Wish you could be prevailed upon to try your hand at a battle—Wonderful taste for battles now, Ma’am.

Lady B. No wonder, Sir, when those *indulgent* critics, the Park guns, stand always ready to *report* the merits of such performances.

Leath. Ha! ha! ha!—Very sharp, Ma’am, very sharp.—If you please to step this way, Ma’am, I’ll give you a sight of my typographicals.

[*They retire.*

Miss Hart. I look in vain for De Rosier.—What can be the meaning of his absence? (*aside.*)

Sir C. (*Who is all this time paying his court to Miss Selwyn, and is repulsed by her in all his advances.*) Nay, my dear Miss Selwyn—"you change sides as quick as an Union Member;" just now, at your own house, you were so kind to me!—I declare it quite intoxicated me.

Miss S. Did I intoxicate you, Sir Charles? The Spartans, too, occasionally made their slaves drunk; but 'twas from any thing but love for them; I assure you.

Sir C. What a tongue she has! But I'll *cough* her down, when we're married (*aside*).

Miss Hart. I suppose, Sir Charles, you know that your brother is arrived.

Sir C. My brother! impossible—Madam—impossible—He would not leave his ship to be made First Lord of the Treasury.

Miss Hart. But to be made Lord of *Love's* Treasury! (*looking archly at Miss Selwyn, and then addressing her*)—Come—my dear—you can tell us, perhaps, whether Captain Canvas is arrived.

Miss S. How insultingly she triumphs over

me (*aside*). Really, Miss Hartington, time makes such changes in mind as well as features, that it is possible I *may* have seen Captain Canvas, without being able to persuade myself that it was the same I had known formerly.

Miss Hart. I'll send to the hotels to inquire after him—Perhaps he may be prevailed upon to join our card-party this evening—Sir Charles! you have no objection to see your brother at my house?

Sir C. Me! Madam!—objection, Madam! (*confused*)—Afraid to meet the eyes of my brother!—Damn'd bad sign—symptoms of a *rotten Borough* here, I fear (*lays his hand on his heart*)—Must brazen it out, though (*aside*)—Oh! no—Miss Hartington—not the least objection—My brother is well aware of the hopelessness of his claims, and will be happy, of course, to find that the title, though it has slipped off the higher branch, has settled upon such a promising twig as your humble servant.

Miss Hart. Oh! very well. Susan! (*beckons Susan, and exit with her.*)

Lady Bab. (Coming forward with *Leatherhead*, and giving him a letter.) You will be amused and edified by that letter—'tis from my friend, Doctor O'Jargon, the great Irish chemist, and you may read it at your leisure.

Leath. Ma'am, you do me honour.

Lady Bab. Come hither, niece (to *Miss Selwyn*)—I want to speak with you, upon a matter of much importance to me.

Miss S. This eternal marriage with Sir Charles! (*aside.*)

Lady Bab. I want to ask your advice upon a grand literary scheme I have in view.

Miss S. Heaven be praised!—Even her literature is a relief (*aside*).

Lady Bab. You must know I have been, for some time past, employed in writing a *chemical Poem* upon *Sal Ammoniac*.

Miss S. Upon *sal ammoniac*?

Lady Bab. Yes, my dear, a poem upon *sal ammoniac*—in which, under the name of the *Loves of Ammonia*, I have personified this interesting *alkali*, and described very tenderly all the various *experiments* that have been tried on her.

Miss S. This is what has been called ‘enlisting Poetry under the banners of Science,’ dear aunt.

Lady Bab. Exactly so—And now—look on that venerable Chamberlain of the Muses there.

Leath. What the devil are they staring at me for? (*aside.*)

Lady Bab. That man, humble as he stands there—unconscious, as yet, of the glory that is intended him—that man shall I select for the high honour of introducing my *Ammonia* to the literary world.

Miss S. Happy man!

Lady B. And I will go home this instant, and write him such an epistle on the subject, as will *electrify* him.

Miss S. I have no doubt it will.

Lady B. Sir Charles—I had nearly forgot—but there is a paper, which I have had in my pocket for you all day (*giving him a letter*)—It concerns the subject nearest your heart.—Farewell—we meet at Miss Hartington’s assembly.

Leath. Give me leave, my Lady.

[*Showing her out.*]

Lady B. (To Leath.) Man! man! thou little knowest the honour and glory to which thou wilt be *sublimated*.

[*Exit Lady Bab, Leatherhead showing her off.*]

Sir C. Let's see what the old lady has given me here (*reads*)—‘*Most scientific Madam!*’—Hey-day! ’tis a letter, addressed to herself, and signed Cornelius O’Jargon, Professor of Chemistry—‘*Most scientific Madam! I need not tell your Ladyship that my illustrious countryman, the Honourable Mr. Boyle, was the father of Chemistry, and brother to the Earl of Cork.*’—What the devil have I to do with the father and uncles of Chemistry? I, that am in such a hopeful genealogical way myself!—and this she said, was ‘the subject nearest my heart!’ (*tearing the letter*)—What’s to be done? If my brother is arrived, and Madame De Rosier should find out that my threats against her son were mere bluster, ’tis all over with me.—What *shall* I do?—I’ll try bribery—I will—they are poor, and a bribe will certainly stop their mouths—“besides, it will keep my “hand in, and make me a more *saleable* article

“myself in future” *—for nothing breaks a man in for *taking* bribes so effectually as *giving* them.

[*Exit.*

Miss S. (Who had been occupied among the books at the back of the stage.) Alas! who can wonder at the choice I have made? Even had Captain Canvas no other qualities to adorn him, the very fame of his heroism would be sufficient to interest me—For we women, the simplest and tenderest of us, love to fly about a blaze of celebrity, even though we receive but little warmth from it; and the sage and the hero are sure of us, whenever they condescend to be our suitors. Not that we have much concern with either their valour or their wisdom, for *our* pride is to produce the very reverse of those qualities which we admire in them—to see the orator mute, the hero humbled, and the philosopher bewildered.

SONG.—*Miss Selwyn.*

Oh! think, when a hero is sighing,
What danger in such an adorer!
What woman can dream of denying
The hand that lays laurels before her?

* I forget the words that are substituted for these in representation.

No heart is so guarded around
 But the smile of a victor will take it,
 No bosom can slumber so sound,
 But the trumpet of glory will wake it.

Love sometimes is given to sleeping,
 And woe to the heart that allows him!
 For ah! neither smiling nor weeping
 Have power at those moments to rouse him.
 But though he were sleeping so fast
 That the life almost seem'd to forsake him,
 Believe me, one soul-thrilling blast
 From the trumpet of glory would wake him!

[Exit.

SCENE II.—*The outside of the Circulating Library.*

Enter LEATHERHEAD (bowing off, as if returned from seeing the Ladies to their Carriage).

Leath. Charming notion she has of books! and of booksellers too, I flatter myself—She wouldn't have been half so civil to me, though, if my fine French shopman had been in the way—That fellow's young impudent face took off all the attention of the women from me—But I've got rid of him—pack'd him off—"and he may now "starve like a wit and a gentleman, as he pretends "to be" (*takes out the letter Lady Bab gave him*)—

Ha! ha! ha! Bless her old tasty heart! Only think of her giving me a letter from an Irish chemist and druggist, to amuse myself with—Let's see (*putting on his spectacles*).

SUSAN *enters from behind.*

Susan. I can't think what is become of Mr. De Rosy—My poor mistress was quite in a fright at not seeing him here—Oh! there's the old grumpus himself—

Leath. (*Reads.*) '*I am determined that you shall marry my niece.*'—Eh! what! impossible—it's a mistake:—'*I am determined that you shall marry my niece—The girl's heart is set against it,*'—Oh! of course—'*but, like the copper and zinc in a voltaic battery, the more negative she becomes, the more positive she'll find me—Come early this evening to Miss Hartington's, and all shall be settled.*'—Oh! 'tis a mistake—a mistake—She gave me the wrong letter.

Susan. Pray, Sir, may Mr. De Rosy be in the shop?

Leath. No—young woman—he's pack'd off—gone to (*turning away from her, wholly occupied*

with the subject of the letter)—Marry Miss Selwyn, a rich heiress!—Oh, its a hoax—a mere hoax.

Susan. So it is a .hoax indeed, if he told you he was going to marry any such thing—La! Sir—he is not one of your marrying sort.

Leath. And yet she said something about honour and glory that were in store for me—

Susan. But in earnest, good Mr. Leatherhead, what is become of the young man?

Leath. Gone to the dogs, I tell you—kick'd into the streets—Don't perplex me about him.

Susan. Ah! you hard-hearted old monster!—But I *will* pester you—Kick'd into the streets!—Well, in spite of the crockery Duchess, I declare I could almost cry for him—And has the poor dear young man, then, nothing to live upon?

Leath. (*Reading.*) '*Copper and zinc.*'

Susan. Copper! Mercy on me!—I'll go tell my mistress this instant—Who would have thought it?

[*Going out, is met by Davy.*]

Davy. Why—Susan, how plump you come up again a body!—I say. (*apart to her*), just wait a minute or two here—Now, do'ee—I ha' gotten

a letter to gie to the old book-chap here, and then I have something—you know (*cunningly*) I *have* indeed—Come—now do’ee wait, good girl—I say, Mr. Leatherhead, here be a letter for you from Lady Bab Blue.

Leath. What! another letter? (*anxiously*.)

Davy. Ah! you may well say another and another—Nothing but write, write, and them *pistles* (as she calls them) going off from morning till night—Ecod, she spells such a power of words in the day, that I only wonder how the poor old alphabet holds out with her.

Leath. Bless me! I’m in such a fluster, I can hardly read a line (*reads*)—‘*Dear Sir! I have made up my mind completely since I saw you, and my Ammonia, that treasure, for which so many proposals have been made, shall be put immediately into your hands.*’—Ammonia—her niece’s name—I shall go wild.—‘*Her beauties have hitherto been the delight only of a private circle; but I have no doubt, that, upon her appearance in public, she will draw the whole world to your shop.*’—Oh! damn the shop—I’ll shut that up

immediately—I'll throw my wig at the stars—I'll
——(*capering about*).

Davy. Why—the old chap is beside himself,
for sartain.

Leath. 'You, doubtless, are well acquainted
with the history of this volatile creature'—Volatile!
oh! no matter for that—'this volatile creature,
Ammonia, vulgarly called Sal by the apotheca-
ries.'—Her niece called Sal by the apothecaries!—
What the devil does she mean? Oh! I suppose a
pet name, which her friend, the Irish druggist,
has for her—but I'll always call her Ammonia—
Ammonia—my dear Ammonia (*throws his arms
round Susan*).

Susan. La! Mr. Bookseller—one would think
you want me for an apprentice—you *bind* me so
fast to you—

Leath. Let me see what more—'As I can
imagine your impatience to possess this treasure,
call upon me this evening at Miss Hartington's,
and it shall be made your own.'—Just what she
said in the other note—Yes—yes—I'll go—I'll go
(*parades the stage consequentially*)—Oh, Leather-

head ! Leatherhead ! thou wert born under a lucky asterisk ! Show me a brother-type out of Pater-noster-row, that could smuggle himself into the copy-right of an heiress of two-and-twenty so neatly !

Davy. Well—I'll be shot if there isn't something in this larning that turns every parson's head that's at all concern'd with it, and I believe what the politician at the ale-house said was true, that the war, and the taxes, and the rest of the mischief, all comes of your devilish Greek and Latin.—I say, Mr. Leatherhead, what answer am I to take back to my Lady ?

Leath. Answer ? Tell her that I'm all rapture and astonishment—that I am stark staring with wonder, like three notes of admiration—and that—I'll marry her niece in the twinkling of a semicolon.

Davy. Marry her what ?

Leath. Marry her what ?—Her niece, puppy—my volatile, but valuable Ammonia ! (*half aside.*)

Davy. What ! you ?

Susan. What ! you ? (*both laughing at him.*)

Leath. Yes, I, Sir—yes, I, Ma'am—What the devil are you laughing at? (*strutting from one to the other.*)

LAUGHING TRIO.

Susan, Davy, and Leatherhead.

Leath. Girl, dost thou know me?

Sus. and Dav. Oh! what a wooer!

Leath. Slave! thou'rt below me!

Sus. and Dav. This wig will undo her.

Leath. Oh! curse your grinning!

Sus. and Dav. This lock so winning!

Leath. Ma'am, if you giggle thus,

And treat my wig ill thus,

I'll let you shortly know who am I.

Sus. and Dav. A handsome lover this!

Leath. You sha'nt get over this;

Sus. and Dav. This laugh will end me quite:—

Leath. Pray heaven send it might!

Sus. and Dav. Ha, ha, ha, hah! hah, ha!

How the fool makes me laugh!—

Oh! I shall die!

Leath. But you shall weep for this fun by-and-by.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.—*Madame De Rosier's Cottage.*

Enter DE ROSIER and LA FOSSE.

La Fosse. Ah! de barbare! vat! he turn you out vidout one penny!

De Ros. Yes—La Fosse—dismissed me from his paltry service, without even a hint at the remuneration which he agreed to give me—and I would starve sooner than ask him.

La Fosse. Ah ! oui—starve yourself *à la bonne heure*—But your poor moder !

De Ros. Yes, yes—my mother !—Something *must* be done instantly—the little sum we brought with us hither is exhausted, and Heaven only knows whither I shall now turn for a supply.

La Fosse. (*Looking at his snuff-box.*) Ah you little snuff-box ! I have hold fast by you long time, when all my oder little articles were pressed into de service of dis grumbling tyran here (*hand on the stomach*)—I did tink de *conscription* would come to you at last.

De Ros. What do you say, La Fosse ?

La Fosse. Indeed, I vas cracking joke bad enough, Monsieur, upon my poor old *tabatière* here—and I vill go dis moment to the jeweller's, and try what I can make of him.

De Ros. To the jeweller's ?

La Fosse. Oui, Sare—to sell this little box,

which your good father gave me, and make the best use of his present by comforting his wife and child.

De Ros. My kind old man ! I have never treated you as you deserved—and so it is, alas ! with many humble hearts, neglected, perhaps slighted, during our prosperous moments, but which, when the darkness of adversity arrives, come forth like the sweet night-plant, and reproach us only by the fragrance they breathe over our path, for the rudeness with which we have, perhaps, trodden down their leaves in the sunshine.—Keep my father's present, old man ; I will not hear of your parting with it.

La Fosse. Pardon—Monsieur—but if I continue taking snuff out of silver, while my friend is in want of von shilling, may my gentleman-like *rappée* be turn into *blackguard*, and every pinch go the wrong way.

De Ros. My faithful La Fosse !—But here comes my mother—she must not know the extent of our distresses—Women should be like those temples of old, from which words of ill omen were carefully kept away.

Enter MADAME DE ROSIER.

Mad. De Ros. My dear Henry! what is to become of us?

De Ros. Become of us? oh! every thing that is good and happy.

Mad. De Ros. You are always so sanguine, Henry!

De Ros. And why should I not, dearest mother? I have hitherto steered so safely by the star of Heaven's providence, that, even while 'tis clouded, I trust to its guidance cheerfully!

La Fosse. Ah! dat is brave boy! and here is to your good health (*taking a pinch of snuff*)—A votre santé, mon petit bon homme!

Mad. De Ros. But what is your present plan?

De Ros. The money I am to receive from old Leatherhead will support us during my short interval of idleness, and I know a thousand situations in which willing industry, like mine, is sure to meet with employment—In a soil like this, which liberty has fertilized, the very weakest shoots of talent thrive and flourish!

SONG.—*De Rosier.*

Though sacred the tie that our country entwineth,
 And dear to the heart her remembrance remains,
 Yet dark are the ties where no liberty shineth,
 And sad the remembrance that slavery stains.
 Oh thou ! who wert born in the cot of the peasant,
 But diest of languor in luxury's dome,
 Our vision, when absent—our glory when present,—
 Where thou art, O Liberty ! there is my home.

Farewell to the land where in childhood I wander'd !
 In vain is she mighty, in vain is she brave !
 Unbless'd is the blood that for tyrants is squander'd,
 And Fame has no wreaths for the brow of the slave.
 But hail to thee, Albion ! who meet'st the commotion
 Of Europe, as calm as thy cliffs meet the foam ;
 With no bonds but the law, and no slave but the ocean,
 Hail, Temple of Liberty ! thou art my home.

[*Exit.*

Mad. De Ros. Alas ! La Fosse, he little knows the cruel perplexity in which I am placed—the injured son of Lady Canvas is, I find, his friend ; and if my Henry were aware of our powers of righting him, his generous nature would forget every personal consideration, and expose him to all the enmity with which that unfeeling Sir Charles threatened him.

La Fosse. (*Who has been all this time in a reverie about his snuff-box, and not attending to*

her.) I do not like to lose my good rappée, either.

Mad. De Ros. Oh! that we had the means of flying from this unlucky place, where every thing conspires to perplex and agitate me.

La Fosse. If I could find de little someting to put it in (*aside*).

Mad. De Ros. What are you meditating, La Fosse? Does any thing occur to you?

La Fosse. Oui—my Lady—it occurs to me that my rappée have not de true relish out of silver.

Mad. De Ros. (*Turning away.*) Trifling old man!

La Fosse. And if I could find something (*looking round*)—Ah! I have de thought—My Lady! where did you put that little bag the old beggarman did give you to-day?

Mad. de Ros. I know not where I threw it—and I must say, La Fosse, that painfully occupied as my mind is, it is cruel to trifle with me thus (*sits down, much agitated*).

La Fosse. (*Still looking about.*) Pardon, my

Lady—Ah ! le voilà (*finds it.*)—Come here, you little bag—I vill do you an honneur you little dream of (*starts, and lets the bag fall*)—Diable ! vat is I see ?

Mad. De Ros. Why do you start, La Fosse ?

La Fosse. Start ? Pardi—I have seen de ghost of a fifty-pound note, looking as fresh and alive as if he just walk out of Threadneedle-street.

Mad. De Ros. What do you mean ?

La Fosse. It cannot be real—mais—I will touch (*takes up the note*)—By gar, it is as substantial a *fifty* as ever Monsieur Henry Hase stood godfather for (*shows it to her*).

Mad. De Ros. All-blessing Providence ! this is thy agency—Fly, La Fosse, seek your master, and tell him what kind Heaven has sent us.

La Fosse. I will, my Lady ; and I will pray by the way, that every poor and honest fellow may find as lucky a bag to put his *tabac* in.

[*Exit.*

Mad. De Ros. Mysterious stranger !—Now I feel the meaning of his words—Thou art, indeed, a medicine for many ills (*addressing the money*)—

blest, if thou wert not the *cause* of still more—
But oh! how many a heart thou corruptest, for
the very few to which thou givest comfort.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The Street.*

Enter SIR CHARLES CANVAS, *dressed for the Evening.*

Sir C. 'Tis too true—this brother of mine is
arrived—Yes—yes—he thinks to *throw me out*—
comes to *petition* against the *sitting Member*—
but it won't do—he'll find me as *sedentary* as the
Long Parliament (*looking out*).—Isn't that my
ragged friend coming this way?—the very fellow
to manage the bribery business for me—Nothing
like an agent, a middle man upon these occasions
—for your *bribe* ought never to descend from too
great a height, but be let down *easily* into the
pocket.

Enter MR. HARTINGTON.

Ah! how do you do, old boy? how d'ye do?—
The very man I wanted to meet.

Mr. Hart. This everlasting fool (*aside*).

Sir C. I dare say now, my friend, old Hartington has so often employed you, as a sort of journeyman in his works of charity, that your hand falls as naturally into a *giving* attitude as that of a physician into a *taking* one.

Mr. Hart. The art of *giving*, Sir, is not so very easily learned.—It requires so much less exertion of thought to *throw away* than to *give*, that no wonder this short cut to a reputation for generosity should be generally preferred by the indolent and fashionable.

Sir C. A plague on this fellow's moral tongue—What an excellent *dinner-bell* 'twould make in the *House*! (*aside*.) But, I say, my old fellow, my reason for asking is, that I have a little charitable job upon hands myself, which must be managed, you know, in a delicate way, and in which I mean to employ you as my proxy.

Mr. Hart. I have wrong'd him then, and coxcombs *may* have hearts (*aside*).

Sir C. You know the cottage where I met you to-day—fine woman that—rather *passée*, to be sure—and so is her purse, I fear—*Exchequer low*, you understand me.

Mr. Hart. She is poor, Sir, but evidently has been otherwise ; and of all the garbs in Poverty's wardrobe, the faded mantle of former prosperity is the most melancholy !

Sir C. So it is—quite—like a collar of last year's cut exactly—and I have therefore resolved to settle a small annuity upon that lady for her life.

Mr. Hart. Generous young man ! what disinterested benevolence !

Sir C. You shall go this instant and settle the matter with her—all I ask in return is that she will (to-night, if possible) pack up all her moveables, not forgetting the old black-muzzled Frenchman—and be off to some remote corner of the island, where—even *the Speaker's warrant* can't reach her.

Mr. Hart. But wherefore this strange condition, Sir Charles ?

Sir C. Why, you must know that respectable lady has a little secret of mine in her custody ; and as women make but tender-hearted gaolers, I am afraid she might let it *escape* some fine morning or other.

Mr. Hart. Ha! all is not right here (*aside*). Certainly—Sir Charles—I shall, with all my heart, negotiate this business for you—but—it is necessary, of course, that I should be better acquainted with the particulars—

Sir C. True—and the fact is—(remember *the Gaugers' List*, old boy)—the fact is, I have just come into a large fortune, which my eldest brother most inconveniently thinks he has a right to, and this lady and her servant are in possession of *certain* circumstances, which—um—in short—they must be got out of the way—you understand me.

Mr. Hart. I understand you *now* (*warmly*)—though weak enough at first to believe, that Selfishness could, for an instant, turn from her own monstrous idol, to let fall, even by chance, one pure offering on the altar of Benevolence!

Sir C. Heyday! here are heroics!—why, what the devil do you mean, my old speechifier?

Mr. Hart. I mean, fool! that your own weak tongue has betrayed to me the whole trumpery tissue of your base, unnatural machinations, which

if I do not unravel to their last thread before I sleep, may my pillow never be blessed with the bright consciousness of having done what is right before man and Heaven !

Sir C. Mr. Hartington, fellow, shall know of this insolence.

Mr. Hart. Mr. Hartington, Sir, despises, as *I* do, the man, however highly placed, who depends upon the venality of others for the support of his own injustice, and whose purse, like packages from an infected country, is never opened but to spread contamination around it !

Sir C. Why, thou pauper!—thou old ragamuffin!—that look'st like a torn-up *Act of Insolvency*, how darest thou speak thus to a man of family and a Senator? Venture but to breathe another syllable in this style, and I'll show you such a specimen of the accomplishments of a gentleman as shall—(*advancing close to Mr. Hartington in a boxing attitude, when De Rosier, who has entered behind during this last speech, steps between them, and turns away Sir C.'s arm.*)

De Ros. Hold, Sir!—Is this your bravery?

'Twas but just now I found you insulting a woman, and now I find your valour up in arms against a poor defenceless old man!—Go—go—I said that you should account to me for your conduct; but there are persons, Sir Charles, who, like insects that lose their sting in wounding, become too contemptible for our resentment even in the very act of offending us.

Sir C. Was there ever an M. P. so treated?—If this is not *a breach of privilege*, then is the *Lex Parliamenti* a mere flourish—a flim-flam! Dam'me—I'll send them both to the *Tower* (*aside*).

Mr. Hart. Your pretensions, Sir——

Sir C. *Order! order! spoke twice—spoke twice*—Curse me if I stay any longer to be harangued by this brace of orators—Better get off with a whole skin, though (*aside*). Gentlemen—my sedan-chair is in waiting to take me to Miss Hartington's, where, if *you*, Sir, have any thing further to say to me (*advancing stoutly to De Rosier*), you will find me all the evening—Safe enough in that—daren't show his nose there (*aside*).

Mr. Hart. One word before——

Sir C. No—no—you'll excuse me—your attacks upon me already have been so very much *out of order* that they force me to throw myself on the *protection* of the *Chairmen*—Chair! Chair! Chair!

[*Exit, calling his chair.*]

Mr. Hart. This conspiracy must be sifted to the bottom—The lady of the cottage shall come to my house this evening.—Young gentleman, I thank you for your interference; and I pray you, let me know to whom I am indebted for it.

De Ros. To one as penniless as yourself, old man!

Mr. Hart. Another claim upon me!—Kind Heaven! what luck thou hast thrown in my heart's way since morning! (*aside.*) And may I ask, Sir, whither you were now going?

De Ros. To any place but home—"there poverty awaits me, and the forced smile, which those we love put on, when they would hide their wants and sorrows from us."

Mr. Hart. Come then with me, and share *my* humble meal.

De Ros. What, thine, poor man! no—no—

yet——False pride! thou strugglest now—but I will tame thee (*aside*). Yes, willingly, my friend, *most* willingly,—and the more rude our fare, the truer foretaste it may give of the hard lot that Heaven prepares for me.

Mr. Hart. Come, then, and the first toast over our scanty beverage shall be, ‘May the blessing sent for the poor man’s meal be always the sweetener of the cup at the rich man’s banquet.’

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*An Antichamber at Mr. Hartington’s.*

Enter LEATHERHEAD.

Leath. Not come yet—how my old heart beats! I think this suit of my friend the Poet’s does charmingly (*admiring his dress*)—*binding* remarkably neat—*frontispiece* (*putting his hand to his face*) rather worn out, I confess—but, when *well gilt* by the heiress’s gold, why, a tolerable good *family copy* of ‘*the Whole Duty of Man.*’ Hist! here comes the old lady. What shall I be doing? looking over the books!—no—curse it—that’s too

much of the shop—She shall find me in raptures over the last letter she sent me (*reads it with ridiculous gesticulations*).

Enter LADY BAB.

Lady Bab. Ay—there he is—happy man ! quite *saturated* with the idea of getting my MS. into his hands.—I perceive, Mr. Leatherhead, that you are *pleased* with the thoughts of possessing my *Ammonia*.

Leath. Pleased, Ma'am, I am astonished, Ma'am—it has made me wild, Ma'am—turned me upside down, like a Hebrew Spelling-Book, Ma'am.—

Lady B. I knew the effect it would have upon him (*aside*)—You will find, I trust, Sir, that notwithstanding the *volatility* of my subject, and the various philosophic amours in which *Ammonia* is engaged (*he starts*), I have taken care that no improper warmth should appear upon the surface, but that the little of that nature which *does* exist, should be what we chemists call *latent heat*.

Leath. Ay—true—your Ladyship mentioned

in your letter that she was a little volatile—but, bless your heart! that is of no sort of consequence—it will only make herself and me the more fashionable.

Lady Bab. You are not perhaps aware, Mr. Leatherhead, of the *discoveries* that have lately been made respecting *Ammonia*.

Leath. Discoveries! oh ho!—here comes the secret of my getting her—some *faux-pas* of Miss's, I suppose (*aside*). Why—no—my Lady, I am not—though I confess, when you said the philosophers were about her, I *did* feel a little alarm—for your philosopher, my Lady, is a devilish dangerous sort of fellow.

Lady Bab. Oh! not at all dangerous, except when an *explosion* takes place.

Leath. Mercy on me! the morals of your women of quality! (*aside*)—But, with submission, my Lady, what may the discoveries be that have lately been made about Miss Ammonia?

Lady Bab. Miss Ammonia! how well he keeps up the personification! (*aside*.) It has been found that a lively, *electric spark*—

Leath. A spark! ay—I guessed how it was (*aside*).

Lady Bab. Has produced a very interesting effect upon Ammonia.

Leath. I don't doubt it (*aside*)—And pray, my Lady, where did this lively spark come from?

Lady Bab. From the battery, Sir.

Leath. From the battery! ay—some young Artillery Officer, I suppose—but it can't be helped—second-hand book—a blot or two on the cover—but high-priced in the catalogue—so better for me than a new one (*aside*).

Lady Bab. What do you think the world will say of it?

Leath. Say of it, my Lady?—Ah! I dare say they'll be severe enough upon it.

Lady Bab. Nay—there I differ with you—To expose any thing so delicately brilliant to the rigours of criticism, would be what is called putting a rainbow into a crucible!

Leath. Well—I hope not—but, I say, my Lady, I think I have some reason to expect that, in the money arrangements between us—

Lady Bab. Well, Sir?

Leath. Why—that some additional consideration will be made to me for the little flaw in Miss's character—

Lady Bab. Flaw, Sir! give me leave to tell you, Sir, that the character of Ammonia has been kept up from beginning to end—

Leath. Oh! I dare say—pains enough taken to keep it up—but patching seldom does—and you confess yourself that your niece is rather—you know—(*putting his finger to his nose*):

Lady Bab. My niece, man—what do you mean?

Leath. Oh! I don't mean to say that it makes any difference—but you own that your niece has been rather a comical sort of a young lady—

Lady Bab. My niece comical! I am thunder-struck—explain yourself, dotard, this instant—

Leath. Lord bless your Ladyship's heart, don't be in a passion—for, notwithstanding all this, I'll marry her in a jiffy.

Lady Bab. Marry her!

Leath. Yes—without saying one word more of her flaws or her comicalness.

Lady Bab. I see how it is—his brain is turned with the thoughts of being my publisher (*aside*). Explain, idiot, if you can, the meaning of all this—

Leath. The meaning!—Oh! for shame, my Lady—isn't here the letter you gave me in the shop so slily, pretending it came from a great Irish druggist? (*she snatches it from him and reads it*)—and here the other, brought to me not an hour ago, in which you tell me that I am to have Miss this very evening—and that her name is *Ammonia*, though she is vulgarly called *Sal* by the *apothecaries*—Oh, my Lady!

Lady Bab. I understand the blunder now; and this is the cause of the brute's raptures after all, instead of triumphing, as I fondly imagined, in the possession of my glorious manuscript—But I'll be revenged of him—Here, Davy, kick that impertinent bookseller out of the house.

Davy. I wool, my Lady.

Lady B. And teach the vulgar *bibliopolist* to know how superior is the love of the *nine Muses*, to that which is felt for mere *mortal* young women—the former being a pure *empyrean* gas—

the latter (to say no worse of it) mere *inflammable phlogiston*!

[Exit.

Davy. I wool, my lady—I'll teach him all that in no time (*gets between Leatherhead and the door*).

Leath. I'm all in a panic! (*aside*)—By your leave, young man.

Davy. Noa—you don't go in such a hurry—you come here, you know, to marry the young Lady, and it's I, you see, that's to perform the ceremony—only, instead of Miss's *hand*, you are to have my *foot*—you understand me.

Leath. One word before you proceed—I don't much mind for myself, but I have got on a poor poet's best blue breeches.

Davy. Don't tell me of a poet's blue breeches—I must do as mistress bid me—But come, you shall have a fair chance at starting too—there now (*gives room for him to run past him*).

Leath. Bless me! bless me! that a bookseller should be obliged to carry a large *impression of Foote's Works* behind him!

[Runs off, and Davy after him.

SCENE VI.—*Lighted-up Apartments, with folding Doors, within which are discovered LADY BAB, SIR CHARLES, MISS SELWYN, and CAPTAIN CANVAS, at Cards—MISS HARTINGTON standing by them.*

Enter DE ROSIER.

De Ros. Where am I? it seems to me like a dream of enchantment, and as if this strange old man were the magician that called it up. He bid me wander fearlessly through these splendid apartments, and he would soon be with me—I have seen nothing, as I passed along, but rich sparkling lamps and vases breathing with flowers; and I have heard, at a distance, the sounds of sweet voices, that recal to me the times when I was gayest and happiest—(*During this speech Miss Hartington has come forward, and is now close behind him, unobserved.*)—Yes, Emily Hartington! 'twas in scenes like these I first beheld that endearing smile; first listened to the tones of that gentle voice, which must never again charm my ear—

Miss Hart. Mr. De Rosier!

De Ros. (*Starting.*) Heavens! do I dream, or is it indeed Miss Hartington?—Pardon this intrusion, Madam, but——

Miss Hart. Oh! call it not intrusion—there is not in this world, one more welcome (*takes his hand*)—Yet—my father coming, and this company assembled—how can I ask him to remain? (*aside.*)

De Ros. Allow me to retire, Madam; I have been led into this awkwardness by a poor, but venerable old man, who is, I suppose, a menial of this house, and who invited me—(*hesitating*).

Miss Hart. He has come with my father—How strange, but oh! how happy! (*aside*)—Then, you *must* stay—I insist upon your staying—

De Ros. (*Turning away, but affected by her kindness.*) No—no—*dear* Miss Hartington!

Sir C. (*Who, during the few last words, has come forward—De Rosier still keeps his head turned away.*) What! Miss Hartington, can any one be so stoical as to resist your solicitations?—Perhaps the gentleman is going to *another party*—a *change of party* is often very refreshing. “I *rat* sometimes in that way myself.”

Miss Hart. I must not let him perceive my agitation (*aside*). Perhaps, Sir Charles, *you* will be more successful in prevailing upon him.

[*Retires.*

Sir C. Ma'am, I'll *second your motion* with all my heart—though, after *you*, I can hardly hope to—Pray—(*tapping De Rosier on the shoulder, who turns frowningly.*)

De Ros. Well, Sir!

Sir C. The Devil! this hectoring young emigrant—oh my nerves! (*aside*)—Ah! took the hint, I see, and came after me—but, you observe, there are ladies here, and I'd rather put it off till to-morrow morning, if you please, or—the morning after, or—any time in the course of the winter.

De Ros. Make your mind easy, Sir,—there is not the least danger, I assure you, of our ever being antagonists, unless by some fatality *I* should grow so feeble and defenceless as to tempt *you* to become the aggressor. [*Turns away and retires.*

Sir C. Thank you, Sir, very kind indeed—What the devil right has this vapouring shopman to be here? must turn him out—must turn him out—enforce the *Standing Order* for the *exclusion*

of strangers—(Turns round to look at Captain Canvas and Miss Selwyn, who have been all this time employed in an explanation about the miniature, which appears to end amicably.) What! my brother so close with Miss Selwyn! um—this won't do—*(advances to them, and seems anxious to get him away from her)*—I say, my dear Captain—most happy, of course, to see you back from sea, but give me leave to tell you that, in this quarter, *I* am the *duly* elected Representative, while you are—*(with contempt.)*

Capt. C. What, Sir? *(firmly.)*

Sir C. Oh! simply the Returning Officer—and—a word in your ear *(apart)*—as you have been so unlucky here, I think you had better try *Old Sarum* yonder *(pointing to Lady Bab)*.

Capt. C. Brother! you have robbed me of every worldly advantage, and Heaven, for its own wise purpose, seems to favour your usurpation—but here I have a claim *(taking Miss Selwyn's hand)*, acknowledged warmly and faithfully, which never, never, while I have life, will I resign.

Lady Bab. Why, niece, are you mad? or can

you seriously mean, Miss, to degrade the *standard* blood of the Blues by this *base alloy* of illegitimacy and poverty?

Miss S. You know already, Madam, what I think of the claims of Sir Charles (*Sir C. advances smirking towards her*)—that they are surpassed in hollowness only by his heart (*Sir C. returns to his former place, disappointed*)—Captain Canvas has been, indeed, unfortunate; but though Love is often as blind as Fortune, and sometimes even puts on the bandage of that goddess, in *this* instance he sees with his own warm unerring eyes, and turns from the adopted *changeling* of Fortune, to acknowledge the true genuine inheritor of his soul (*giving her hand to Captain Canvas*).

Miss Hart. How perfectly my own feelings, if I could but dare to utter them! (*aside.*)—But, see, my father!

Sir C. Odso—I'm quite happy—have long wished to know your father, Miss Hartington!—*Thrown out in the other—must canvas here (aside).*

Miss Hart. I shall have much pleasure in introducing you to him.

Enter Mr. HARTINGTON, in his own dress.

Mr. Hart. Now for the crowning of this sweet day's task ! (*aside.*)

Miss Hart. (*Leading Sir C. to him.*) Father ! Sir Charles Canvas.

Mr. Hart. (*Turning round.*) Your humble servant, Sir (*Sir C. starts, and sneaks off—Mr. H. following him*)—What ! do you turn away from me ? the ‘old pensioner’—your ‘gauger—that-is-to-be ?’—Go, go, weak man—When fools turn engineers of mischief, the recoil of their own artillery is the best and surest punishment of their temerity.—Captain Canvas ! you are welcome—we must soon call you by another title ; though heraldry can furnish none so honourable as that which the brave man earns for himself.—M. de Rosier, forgive me for the embarrassment I must have caused you by so unprepared an introduction among strangers. And, daughter ! I have two more guests for your assembly, whom this gentleman (*pointing to Sir C.*), I have no doubt, will recognise with no less pleasure than he exhibited upon

being presented to me.—Come, Madam (*leads in Madame De Rosier and La Fosse*).

Sir C. So, so—I see 'tis all over with me (*aside*).

Mr. Hart. This lady and her servant were present at the marriage of the late Lady Canvas, and will have much satisfaction, I doubt not, in being introduced to the rightful heir of the family, Captain Sir William Canvas.

Mad. De Ros. (*addressing herself to Capt. C.*) I am happy, Sir, that it is in my power to pay a tribute to the memory of my friend, by doing justice to the rights of a son, whom, I know, she loved most tenderly.

La Fosse. (*Running up to Capt. C.*) Ah! den it is your ear I have pinched so often—Got bless my soul!

Lady Bab. So, then, I find you are *not* Sir Charles Canvas after all?

Sir C. No—Ma'am—nothing but plain Charly Canvas, Esq.; to which you may add M. P. till the next *dissolution*.

Lady Bab. I declare that alters the result

materially ; and I begin to think it would not be altogether wise to trust my niece's fortune to you ; for though you are a lively *mercurial* fellow, yet we chemists know that gold, when *amalgamated* with *quicksilver*, becomes very brittle, and soon flies.

Sir C. So then—there's an end to all *my* dignities ; and now that I am decidedly *out*, it is high time for me to *resign*—Brother, I wish you joy—and my Lords and Gentlemen—Ladies and Gentlemen I mean—for any other little delinquencies I have been guilty of, I must only *throw myself on the mercy of the House*.

Mr. Hart. (*Coming forward with a miniature, which has, since his last speech, been given to him, with some dumb-show explanation, by Miss Schwyn and Capt. Canvas*). Daughter ! (*with assumed severity*) here is a circumstance which requires serious explanation.

Miss Hart. My father !

Mr. Hart. You gave this miniature of yourself to Mr. De Rosier ?

Miss Hart. What ! I ? Oh ! never. Mr. De Rosier (*appealing to him*)—

De Ros. No—Madam—you *did* not give it. I confess with shame——

Mr. Hart. Come, children—your friends here have let me into a secret about you—you love each other, and I rejoice, Sir, that my daughter's heart has anticipated mine in doing justice to your merits. Take her, and be happy; and may the events of this day be long remembered as a source of hope to the injured, and of warning to the unjust—of kindly omen to the faithful in love, and of sweet solace to the patient in adversity!

FINALE.

De Rosier, Captain Canvas, Miss Selwyn, Miss Hartington, and Chorus.

De Rosier.

How sweet the day hath ended!
Ne'er yet has sun descended
Leaving bliss
So dear as this
To gild the dreams of night.

Chorus. How sweet the day hath ended! etc.

Captain Canvas and Miss Selwyn.

The bright star yonder
As soon can wander

As I from thee,
As thou from me.

Chorus. How sweet the day, etc.

Miss Hartington.

Hope's rose had nearly perish'd,
No breath its budding cherish'd;

But one hour

Hath waked the flower

In Love's own tenderest light!

Chorus. How sweet the day, etc.

END OF VOLUME VI.

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